

SIXTY YEARS OF
CITIZEN WORK AND PLAY



WILLIAM PHILLIPS



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Miss Gregson
With the Tutor's
Very kind regards
W. Miller April 1908

SIXTY YEARS OF CITIZEN WORK
AND PLAY.



W. H. Atkinson

Sixty Years of Citizen Work and Play

**Realities, Trivialities, Divagations,
Reminiscences and Letters.**

BY

WILLIAM PHILLIPS, J.P.,

*Author of "The Book of Fools," "The Home Rule Catechisms,"
"The Military Juggernaut," &c.*

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION

BY

W. H. DICKINSON, M.P.

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"In great things unity,
In small things liberty,
In all things charity."

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INTRODUCTION.

A DISTINGUISHED statesman, in excusing some vagaries of the first London County Council, once used the misquotation that “young men would dream dreams.” The actual words of the prophet would have been more apposite, for that which set the tone of the first Council were the character and aspirations of its old men. Hobhouse, Farrer, Beal, Lloyd and Phillips were a band of reformers who had already wellnigh outrun the allotted span of active human life. But their eyes were not dim, nor their natural force abated, and

it was their enthusiasm and ever-springing hopefulness which inspired their colleagues with the resolution to labour for the amelioration of London and the uplifting of its teeming population.

It was on this Council, in the year 1889, that I first met the Author of this autobiography. I was in my twenties; he in his sixties. But there was not much to choose between us as regards our youthful optimism, and his ambition to do some good for his fellow citizens, aided by his experience and resoluteness, soon succeeded in making municipal history. Such history is, however, little studied and soon lost sight of, and

Mr. Phillips' efforts have proved no exception to the rule. Of the tens of thousands who on a summer's evening now enjoy the music provided in London's beautiful parks there is probably not one who will ever know that he owes this pleasure to the initiative and persistent efforts of William Phillips.

This and other similar episodes in his municipal career are hardly referred to in the following pages, and I cannot help feeling that Mr. Phillips has dealt only too cursorily with many branches of the public work in which he took a much greater and more effective share than his modesty has allowed his readers to appreciate, and, in

particular, his actions at the time of the Great Cotton Famine and at the institution of the International Arbitration and Peace Association deserve more than the passing reference that he makes to them.

Be this as it may, these brief autobiographical notes will show how numerous and how various are the directions in which a man may bend his energies if he is willing to devote them to the public service.

The public servant receives, as a rule, no reward, and but little recognition. But, if he is honest and earnest, he seeks for neither. He is content with the knowledge that no unselfish labour is ever fruitless, and that,

though he may not see the results of his toil in his own life-time, some day and somehow humanity will be the richer for it.

At the good age of fourscore years and two this knowledge must be to Mr. Phillips an unfailing source of satisfaction and contentment. And, with it, he can rest assured that not only his work, but his example will have done much to show to others that there is something better worth living for in this world than private gain, and that every man has some responsibility towards mankind.

W. H. DICKINSON.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,

18th March, 1907.

SIXTY YEARS
OF
CITIZEN WORK AND PLAY.

Realities, Trivialities, Divagations,
Reminiscences and Letters.

PART I.

W O R K .

PREFACE.

THEY tell me I was born on the 22nd September, 1825. I have no recollection of the event myself, but have no doubt of their accuracy. They also say that I came a week before I was expected. I think this shows my good sense, for no self-respecting infant would make his first appearance on Goose Day. In my early days I was about the most mischievous imp ever created, and was packed off

to a boarding school at Margate, where I remained for five years. English boarding schools seventy years ago were not what they are now, and beyond a little French and a little arithmetic, very little history, a good deal of dancing, a good deal of sea-bathing and other outdoor exercises, I acquired little, and, as a result, my physique was well developed and my mind nearly a blank. However, when I was able to sound the depths of my own ignorance I placed myself under Dr. Saekett, the well-known tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, to whom I am greatly indebted.

Well, we know some are born singers, some are born actors, some are born mechanics, and so forth, and I always believe I was born a CITIZEN, for at a very early stage of my life I took quite as much pleasure in the real work of a citizen as most of the young men of the present day can take in football, &c., so that at seventeen I was able to assist my father in his great work of

THE REFORM OF DULWICH COLLEGE, a work which gave me as much enjoyment as I ever had in destroying a wasp's nest. Let it be quite understood that in this work—one of the greatest reforms of the century—I was only assisting my father, who did little else for three years. He took the lead in carrying out this reform and

getting the magnificent bequest of Edwin Alleyne properly used for the purposes he intended.

A few words about this matter may not be uninteresting. Alleyne was a contemporary of Shakespeare, an actor and owner of the Bear Garden and the little Playhouse in Whitecross Street, St. Luke's. He saved money and held property in four parishes, viz. : St. Luke's, Middlesex; St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate; St. Giles', Camberwell; and St. Olave's, Southwark. The property he had in these parishes consisted chiefly of land and tenements, and the rents, especially in the City parish, increased so enormously that when he died the houses let at £30 a year are now worth from £1,200 to £1,500 a year. In order to make an affidavit which I had to swear to as evidence of the quality of the teaching in Alleyne's School at Dulwich in 1842, I had to examine the children in the school and also the pauper children in St. Luke's Workhouse, and my evidence was that the children of the former were very little better taught than the pauper children of St. Luke's, although good old Alleyne declared in his will (which I learnt by heart) that his school at Dulwich should always be maintained up to the standard of the school at Westminster, which, of course, meant that it was to be equal to any in the kingdom.

When my father was first elected Churchwarden of St. Luke's he found himself an ex-officio Governor of Dulwich College. He was a man of determined character and a great lover of fairplay all round, and finding that he was on a perfect equality with the other Governors, he began to look into things and see whether the men—then his colleagues—were using the splendid bequest as Alleyne intended. The governing body then consisted of six Fellows and two Wardens, who were living like Sybarites, and devoting nearly two-thirds of the income, which should have been used entirely for eleemosynary purposes and education, for their own pleasures and purposes, and he then determined never to rest until he had cleared out "this den of thieves," as he used to call them, and made Dulwich College something like Alleyne intended it to be. It took him three years' hard work to carry this out, and ultimately it was brought before Parliament and referred to the Charity Commissioners, who prepared a scheme on which the present great institution is founded.

He became the first elected Governor under the new *régime*, and, most appropriately, his grandson, my eldest son, was the first boy in the new College to gain a scholarship at Cambridge University.

I may just say here my father was a Man of Kent and as such had an intense hatred of all

things unfair and unjust, and my mother was a McLeod, and the McLeods were always noted for their tenacity and virility. Curiously enough my father's family motto was "En Avant," and my mother's "Ad Finem."

THE GREAT ANTI-CORN LAW BAZAAR AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Although then only eighteen I was the steward in charge of a very large stall allotted to Sheffield at the great Anti-Corn Law Bazaar at Covent Garden Theatre, and it was there I was introduced to Richard Cobden by John Bright. Cobden gave me a keen look, and said: "You are very young to have charge of this important stall. Have you studied this great question of Free Trade?" My answer was: "I have studied it sufficiently to convince me that it is a bad thing to tax the people's bread." His reply was: "I am glad to see a young man like you doing such good work. Let me say a few words to you which I hope you will never forget: *Always let action follow closely on the heels of conviction.*"

These words from this great man took such hold upon me that they have really been the mainspring of my life.

SAMUEL BRANDRAM.

I first met Samuel Brandram, the great reciter, as a colleague on the Committee of the National Orphan Home, and at Mrs. Freake's amateur theatricals. I very soon saw his remarkable talent and for years kept pegging away at him to come out as a professional, but his modesty was so excessive that I could not induce him to. He said he was not good enough for the public. At last he consented ; we took the Pavilion Rooms at Brighton for his *debut*. Knowing his repertoire so well, I wrote his programme ; it was a complete success, and this began the professional career of the greatest dramatic reciter of the century. Had he gone on the stage he would certainly have eclipsed all his contemporaries in Shakespearian drama. He recited seven of Shakespear's plays without a note !

It is very remarkable that in our Amateur Society so many should have joined the profession

including Brandram, Arthur Cecil, Robins, Robson, Milvain, and George Grossmith (the first). I think Toole was also one for a short time, and so was Edward Rosenthal.

At one time I had a great desire to go on the stage, and went to Parry for his advice. "By all means," said he; "you would make *the best clown since Grimaldi*." "Thank you," said I; "that's a settler."

COMPULSORY CHURCH RATES.

My next step into public life was taken on the burning grievance of compulsory Church rates. As a lover of fairplay I felt very strongly that to compel a Nonconformist to pay towards the expenses of a Church already generously endowed, and which he never liked, nor used, was a gross injustice. Thereupon, acting on this conviction, I formed a Committee of a dozen resolute men, and for four or five years we agitated till we got this wrong righted, and Church rates made optional instead of compulsory.

EQUALISATION OF POOR RATES.

Here was another gross injustice which at the time used to make my blood boil. The richest parish in London was St. James's, Piccadilly, where there were exceedingly few poor. The poorest parish was St. James's, Bethnal Green, where the poor were very numerous, and yet the rates in this very poor parish were nearly five times as much as the rates in the very rich parish. The effect of this inequitable inequality was, that in the very poor parishes there were frequent distraints for rates and the people were turned out into the work-houses, and too often made permanent paupers. Action had to follow conviction, and I formed a Committee of a dozen good men, with William Gilbert (father of W. S. Gilbert) as Chairman, and after five years' strenuous work we got the Union Chargeability Act passed, which, although a step in the right direction, leaves very much INEQUALITY still to be redressed. London should be a unified London, and should maintain its poor out of an equal rate, and I hope to live to see the day when this will be fairly recognised.

MY WORK AS CIVIL AGENT TO THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

When I was twenty-five it was suggested by my father that I should go and see something of the world before I married and settled down. Thus it was that with two most agreeable companions I found myself in Italy, in 1851, just at the time when Austria had possession of Lombardy, and Ferdinand, King of Naples (known as Bomba), was amusing himself by shooting or imprisoning all his best and wisest counsellors who had dared to advise him to give his subjects a little more liberty. Now, I went to Italy entirely for pleasure, without the slightest idea of turning conspirator, or taking any active part against the tyranny and oppression under which the people were then suffering. But on visiting the political prisons, which we did from north to south, the sights I saw outraged all my notions of right, justice and policy, and when at last, in the dungeons under the Castle of Ischia, we saw old Poerio, the late Prime Minister of Ferdinand, who had never done anything but give his master good advice, with the iron chains round his legs eating into his flesh and forming gangrene

I said to my friends: "This is really hell upon earth: and I will now join Garibaldi's British Legion, and at all events do something, however small, to help in throwing off this brutal tyranny." A few days after I was with Garibaldi at Caprera, who told me that he had more men than he wanted, and had been refusing men for a fortnight. But with my credentials, one of which was to the Private Secretary of the late Pope, Pius IX., if I would act in a civil capacity, I could do things which only an Englishman could do in saving life, and be worth a hundred fighting men.

So, after an interview with Count G., who took a week to consider matters, I was duly installed as Civil Agent, my chief work being to find out in society the names of men sent up daily to the chief police "as suspects," taken out of their beds at night, and shot at drumhead court-martial next morning. In this way I was able to save some valuable lives. On my note of warning "suspects" had to fly.

As I intend to publish a full account of my doings in Italy, I will only now just mention one episode that may be interesting.

I was mainly instrumental in saving the life of a very important Neapolitan, whose name had just been sent up to the police as "suspect," by getting him on board a British man-of-war, then in the

Bay, and which was to sail at daybreak. When they sought for him, to take him to be shot, of course they did not find him, and after a few days King Bomba arrived at the conclusion that he must have gone away in that British ship of war. Whereupon his anger knew no bounds, and he sent a very peremptory message to Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, stating a British man-of-war had taken away one of his rebel subjects, and demanding his extradition. Palmerston was not a man to be ordered about by a fellow like Bomba, and he coolly replied "that if His Majesty could not take care of his own rebel subjects, that was his business, and he should not interfere." Whereupon Bomba withdrew his ambassador, and turned out of the Bay every British ship that was then loading. Then Lord Palmerston becoming irate made known to King Bomba that if within seven days every British ship was not restored to its proper berth the Mediterranean Fleet would be sent to Naples. This brought Bomba to his senses.

By an extraordinary coincidence, I recently met at Monte Carlo the daughter of the very lady who had concealed Mazzini in a mattress when the soldiers and police searched her house for him. 10,000 ducats were at that time on his head.

I may remind my readers that the contract

between France and Italy was that the former was to help the latter to drive out Austria, and regain her nationality, with Victor Emmanuel as King ; and, in return, was to have restored to her her old province of Savoy. Before Italy had completed her part of the contract, Garibaldi took Rome without the consent of France, drove out the Pope, the Swiss Guards, and the French Zouaves, and established a Republic with Mazzini, Saffi, and Armelini as the Triumvirate ; which so incensed Lamartine that he sent General Oudenarde, with 70,000 men, to re-take Rome ; and as we knew it could not hold out against such a force for a single day, and the leaders declared they would never capitulate, we had to lay plans by which at a given signal they were seized and dragged into the Catacombs—all but Mazzini escaping ; and never did I hear how he escaped, until, over fifty years years after, I heard it in this extraordinary manner, from Madame R's own lips.

I feel I must give just one illustration of the wonderful system of police espionage that prevailed in Italy in 1851. At my hotel in Rome one day I received a note from our Consul urgently requesting me to call upon him early next day on matters too serious to admit of any delay. Of course I went, wondering what it could mean, and after a few introductory words he said : “ I have to

warn you that the official spies are beginning to suspect you, and your liberty is at stake. You will shortly receive notice to quit Rome, and you must then go or you will be put into prison, and you know what that means." When asked how he knew anything about my movements, he took a little book from a drawer, and then to my amazement read a brief account of all I had been doing for the last three weeks—how I had been to Milan to meet Cavour's agent; how often I had been to dine at the Quirinal; how I had supped at the palace of the Fontana Modino with a lady of high birth, known to be a friend of Mazzini's; how another day I received one of the Nationalist messengers, and so on, until I felt much as the woman of Samaria at the well. He then explained to me that in such serious times he had to employ a highly paid spy who mixed with the police spies, learning all they knew, and then reporting it to him. I did get the notice to quit, and of course I went.

I was in Naples when the great earthquake of Amalfi took place, and was at Messina when the awful *fumare* washed, in one night, one-third of the city, with people, houses, cattle, and every living thing into the sea.

In Italy I risked my liberty daily, and my life once.

THE GREAT LANCASHIRE COTTON FAMINE.

This terrible disaster took place in 1862. I read so much of the fearful distress in the London papers, that I wrote to a Lancashire cousin of mine asking him if these horrible accounts could be really true. His answer was, “The distress is greater than any words can describe, why not come down and see for yourself?” I went down and stayed a week, visiting with my cousin the most distressed districts in Bury, Burnley, Oldham, &c., and was so deeply moved by what I saw, that on my return I wrote to *The Times* the following letter:—

LONDON WASTE AND LANCASHIRE WANT.

6th October, 1862.

To the Editor of *The Times*.

SIR,—I have just returned from a visit to some of the most severely distressed districts in Lancashire, and while no one could witness the scenes I have witnessed without having the heartache, one’s sympathy is heightened by the marvellous patience and resignation with which these poor people are enduring affliction almost unprecedented.

In one cottage (an illustration of a thousand which I

remember only twelve months back as a scene of plenty, comfort, and happiness, the contrast now presented was most affecting. Misery and famine had made such havoc with the features of the family that I scarcely recognised them, and the neat little home seemed home no longer, stripped, as it was, of everything save a few bedclothes and two or three mattresses. “Aye,” said the poor gaunt mother, “it’s hard enough to fight wi’ hunger, but when the cold comes to help the hunger, then God help us !”

Who could hear those words without feeling the force of them painfully ? The dreaded enemy, cold, will in a few weeks be upon them, and then, indeed, their misery will reach a point awful to contemplate.

Now, sir, I venture to submit that it is quite within the power of us Londoners, with little or no sacrifice, to help them materially to do battle with the fearful foe.

There are enough cast-off clothes hoarded up in our drawers and wardrobes to cover all the destitute men, women, and children in Lancashire, and it is this useless hoard which I hope to tap, for who can deny that to comfort the shivering limbs of their famished countrymen which would otherwise become a prey to the moth, or find its way to the bag of the “old clo’ man ” ?

I earnestly appeal, then, to every man and woman in London to “take stock ” of their wardrobes, and forward to me all the garments of every description which have done their service.

If the value of the gift be realised, many a kind-hearted swell will gladly send his old “peg-tops ” to warm the legs of some poor Lancashire fellow, and many a lady—rather too fond, perhaps, of keeping her old dresses to look at—will for once rejoice in weeding out her accumu-

lations for the benefit of her poor, patient, half-clad Northern sisters.

The distress is vast, severe, and terrible ; let our sympathy be deep, profound, and practical.

In such a painful crisis we must not pause to criticise the ungenerous selfishness of a local Dives, nor leave our poor brothers and sisters to starve with hunger or perish with cold, although we deplore their improvidence in their times of prosperity : but let us come cheerfully and promptly forward and do what we can to help them, even if our contribution be simply a pair of old boots.

I will gladly take charge of any parcels addressed to me as below, and will myself take them into the North and deliver them into the hands of gentlemen competent to distribute them with proper discrimination.—Yours obediently,

“A LONDON LAD.”

25, Coal Exchange, City.

I give this letter in full, because I regard it as a record, for it produced within a few days 30,000 garments, £4,000 in cash, tons of tea, coffee, sugar, rice and oatmeal, and some hundreds of sheets, blankets and counterpanes, all of which were sent down to the North for distribution, and my clerks worked till midnight every night for three weeks. But the task was too great for any one man to tackle, and finding all the passages of the Coal Exchange blocked up with contributions, I handed it over to Lord Mayor Cubitt, who then took up the business and formed the Mansion House Com-

mittee, in whose hands it was continued for some months. Probably there are not a dozen people in the Kingdom who know that the "London Lad" who wrote all these letters to *The Times* was William Phillips. I must confess to feeling rather pleased at now dropping my anonymity.

No one can work hard for years without recreation, and no one enjoys his play so much as he who works well.

I don't believe in keeping the bow too long strung, and with concentration and method soon found that I could manage to get a fair share of amusement and recreation.

To keep my muscles in order, I took to boxing—became the favourite pupil of Alec Read and the champion amateur light-weight boxer of the day; also became an athlete and could jump 24ft. 6in. with a run, and 11ft. 3in. standing jump (which I think is a record); at cricket I was a good wicket-keeper, but only made one good hit in my life and that was on my fiftieth birthday, when, in Welling Park, I drove a lob clean over the trees for five and retired on my lobbles.

I was extremely fond of all out-door games and sports, but never neglected my business or my duties as a citizen for them—what with hunting, shooting, fishing, swimming, tennis, and croquet

outdoors, and reading, music, and acting indoors, I enjoyed my life immensely.

I was three years in Henry Smart's choir as tenor, three years in Serjeant Parry's Histrionic Company, playing first old man chiefly, and succeeded old George Grossmith as President of the London Elocution Society.

When the famous conductor Bevignani married Titien's niece, I was his "best man," and Titien gave me her box at the Opera one night a week for what I had done in Italy.

THE INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION AND PEACE ASSOCIATION.

I now come to what I consider as commendable a work that any man could have the pleasure and honour of initiating.

After reading Bailey's fine book "Festus," and coming upon the words, "War, if not defensive, indefensible," this epigram took such hold of my mind that I could not shake it off until I had read the history of all our greatest wars. I then became convinced that any man who killed his fellow man, except in self-defence, was nothing less than a

murderer, and under this conviction, remembering Cobden's words, I came to "action." I was so constituted naturally combative, that the Quaker's notion, "Peace at any price," would not do for me, but I thought it quite possible to establish an association on new lines, which should advocate the settlement of all disputes that could possibly be settled by arbitration instead of the sword. I, fully recognise that there are times when peace must give way to the sword, when the call to arms is inevitable. For instance, the American War of Independence and the American Civil War, the Italian War for Freedom and Germany's resistance to the French invasion were all necessary, but no such excuse can be made for absurd, foolish and wicked wars, such as the Crimean War,* for instance. I set this ball rolling by inviting a dozen personal friends to my own house to consider the question of forming a new association, and the result was that in the course of a week or two a committee was duly formed, with myself as treasurer, and ultimately honorary secretary. For the first three years it was all hard uphill, work, but as soon as the infant could walk alone I was elected as member for Greenwich on the London School Board, and finding the double work so onerous I had to hand over my infant association to the care of Dr.

* N.B.—Read Kinglake's History of this War.

Clark and Hodgson Pratt, to whom the greatest honour is due for its rapid growth and the extension of its principles all over the world. My only claim is to have sown the seed—it is to those two men that the great honour is due for having watered and tended the plant, the fruit of which will certainly be gathered by future generations.

It seems quite proper to insert here the last paragraph of my pamphlet “The Military Jugger-naut.”

“ It comes to this: until the Churches preach and teach, in downright earnest, Peace and Good-will as the cardinal point of the Master’s Gospel, they may call themselves the Church of England, but not the Church of Christ.”

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD WITH THE CHARGE OF 800,000 BOYS AND GIRLS.

I was spending my holiday in 1882 in the West of Scotland, shooting and fishing, when I received a telegram from a friend at Greenwich, “ Will you permit us to nominate you as our member for the School Board ? ” To which I replied, “ Yes, with

pleasure, providing I am not required to make a personal canvass, and that I go chiefly to advocate the abolition of fees and the providing of breakfasts for starving children."

Up to this I had felt a keen pleasure in performing my duties as a citizen; now came a great change, for never in my life was I engaged in such discouraging work as the constant and useless endeavours to do any real good for these poor children, either mentally or bodily, in face of the fierce opposition from the majority of the Board, especially from the twelve clericals, from whom one might have expected better things. These gentlemen opposed the extension of needlework, the teaching of singing, the use of pianofortes in the teachers' rooms, the teaching of cooking and drawing, and above all the abolition of fees and the provision of free breakfasts for the starving, although they well knew that when the parents were summoned for non-payment thousands of them could only pay by robbing the children of their proper food. Anything more cruel I cannot conceive than sending a poor little child, sometimes without shoes, through slush and snow, to have his little head crammed with teaching, whilst its poor little stomach was empty. If that is not cruelty to animals I do not know what the words mean.

However, after all the trials I had to bear in this connection, at last I have the satisfaction of knowing that everything then advocated is now being carried out. My gospel was that the only real solution of the religious difficulty would be in having one room in every school set apart, and the children of all religions taught by their respective pastors. I still hold it would be an effectual solution of the present education deadlock.

IRELAND AND HOME RULE.

Having heard and read so much for and against Ireland and the Irish, I determined, in 1887, to go over and see and judge for myself. I took the picturesque seat of Colonel Lambert, on Killery Bay, in the wildest part of Connemara, and there for the first time closely studied the history of Ireland from the twelfth century, and also the people themselves, of all classes, and as a magistrate attended two courts every week, where I saw more of the inner life of the people than could be seen from any other point of view. The conviction soon came to me that the government of the country by England had been systematically mischievous,

unjust, and impolitic, and the time had arrived when it would be the right thing and good policy to give the Irish people the power of managing all their own domestic affairs by a system of modified Home Rule (separation being simply a bogey). I then wrote my "Irish Home Rule Catechism" for English readers, which reached the phenomenal circulation of 900,000. My perfect faith is that all the views enunciated in that pamphlet will be the views of the Government of England within a few years, be it Conservative or Liberal.

I have for forty-eight years been a convinced Home Ruler and a lover of Ireland, and it gratifies me to think that I have lived to see the dawn of the new day in that courageous and unhappy country. The Land Question in Ireland is now practically settled. The Right Honourable George Wyndham's bread and generous measure of Land Purchase, followed by the Bill for the Restoration of Irish Evicted Tenants to their Holdings, which is now being so practically enforced by Mr. Birrell at the Irish Office, has gone far on the way to establish a permanent peasant proprietaryship in Ireland. Ireland's persistent demand for self-government is also in some measure to be acceded to, the present measure of devolution leading, as the Prime Minister has repeatedly indicated, to the "larger policy." The complete pacification of

Ireland will be a great triumph for Liberalism, and for the cause of small nationalities. It is doubtful, however, if England can ever fully undo the havoc wrought by 800 years of misgovernment. Why, ever since the destruction of Ireland's native Parliament, but little over a century ago, the population of Ireland has decreased by four millions. The figures are appalling in the tragic story they tell of famine, emigration, and the bleeding to death of a nation. Again, take the question of Ireland's contribution to the Imperial Treasury. A Royal Commission which sat some ten years ago stated that Ireland was paying £3,000,000 a year too much to the Treasury. That is to say, that, not alone has Ireland been criminally misgoverned, but its unfortunate people have been paying £3,000,000 a year for that misgovernment. However, as I have indicated, a better understanding has arisen, and England, the "Predominant Partner," to use Lord Rosebery's historic phrase, has come to recognise the just claims and the unjust wrongs of her poorer sister. Nothing but good to the two countries can come from that recognition, and I am firmly persuaded that, as time goes on, and as Irish self-government develops in those great measures of reform which failed to find acceptance in the England of the "Eighties," Great Britain will find that the policy of coercion

and repression was one of ignorance and prejudice, and that Ireland, happy and prosperous, will be an Imperial asset, rather than as heretofore, a spectre at the gate.

We have heard much, before and since the Boer War, of Imperialism. England's true Imperial mission will be to endow Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and the great country of India, with the blessings of self-government; to have these represented in her Imperial Parliament at St. Stephen's by chosen delegates; to have also all the British colonies represented in the mother-parliament, and by every means in her power to increase the real solidarity of her real Imperialism.

In 1890 the people in the West were suffering severely from partial famine, the August storms having spoiled all their potatoes, and the incessant rain having made all their peat like wet putty. Thus they were left with the winter approaching, almost without food, quite without fuel, and with the scantiest possible clothing. I wrote to three of the London papers, and to my surprise and satisfaction received in answer to my appeals nearly £1,500. The demands of my business made it impossible for me to remain longer in Ireland, and so my daughter, Millicent, offered to stay alone throughout the entire winter distributing the fund in clothing, blankets, oatmeal, flour, and seed-potatoes.

Although a mere girl, she performed the duty admirably, visiting nearly every case before assisting it, and earning the deepest gratitude from the suffering people in the West of Ireland.

I insert the following verses written by her at that period, and remarkable for their intensely Celtic feeling :

ENGLAND'S GREETING TO ERIN.

We come in dark and evil days
To cheer our sister land,
And form a lasting Union
Of heart, and head, and hand.

By Ireland's wrongs true English hearts
Are deeply tonched at last,
And yearn to make atonement
For all the blood-stained past.

To you men we'll be true men ;
Keep patient, calm, and cool :
And England's debt to Ireland
Shall soon be paid in full.

For sake of England's honour,
For sake of Ireland's peace,
Till Home Rule be conceded
Our work shall never cease.

The bludgeon and the bayonet
Too long have held their sway ;
We'll now compel our rulers
To find some better way.

Brothers ! we've made your cause our own,
And for your cause we'll fight :
“ Thrice armed is he whose quarrel's just,”
And God defend the right !

To prove how grateful the Irish people can be for any kindness shown them, I may mention that when my daughter left Connemara thousands of people lined the roads through which she had to pass to Westport. Bonfires on the mountains, triumphal arches, and addresses presented to her by the Protestant parson and Roman Catholic priest signalled a departure worthy of Royalty.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE TO PAT.

As a magistrate of Co. Galway, attending two Courts a week for nine years, I have never had before me one single case of indecency, only one case of night poaching, and not one case of burglary ! Think of this, ye ignorant slanderers of Ireland and the Irish !

PAPIST INTOLERANCE !

If this was characteristic of Ireland, as many ignorant Britishers try to make us believe, how is it that in olden times, under Mary's reign, many Protestants flew over to Ireland to save their lives, and in modern times so many Protestants have been elected on the District Councils in places where the Catholics have been eight to one ?

TRADE UNIONS.

When I first began to consider this question I was disposed to think that the working-men were attempting to gain too much control over the business of their employers, but after several interviews with George Potter, then the head of the movement, I soon saw my mistake, and that all the men really sought for was reasonably fair and just. Then I joined the movement and assisted it so far as I was able, and eventually the legalisation of Trade Unions was carried. It worked well enough until Lord Halsbury's memorable decision entirely

upset the meaning of the Act, a piece of mischief which the present Government will have to rectify. It is only fair in this connection to say a few words in favour of the much maligned and misunderstood George Potter.

The Times and all the Tory papers had leading articles calling him base agitator, swindler, and so forth, and even Mr. Punch went out of his way to join in this unfounded and scandalous abuse. So far as *The Times* is concerned, if my recollection serves, George Potter brought an action and recovered damages.

I had a good deal to do with Potter, and always found him straight, truthful, and amenable to reason; and on one occasion when a great strike in the Midlands was threatened, after convincing myself that the men were in the wrong, I sent for Potter, showed him all the documents, and he quite supported my views. So entirely did he agree with me, that he said if I would pay his out-of-pocket expenses for three days he would go down and talk to the men, advising them to resume work. He did go down, and the threatened strike never came off, and all that Potter received from me was £4 10s., his bare expenses. After this I spoke seriously to Shirley Brooks, then editor of *Punch*, who was a perfect gentleman, and kind and courteous to everyone, asking him how it was he allowed these bitter

things against poor Potter to appear in *Punch*. His answer was that he believed the stories that were told about him, and acted accordingly. I asked him if he would meet Potter at my house and hear the explanation of his aims from his own lips. He said he would feel a pleasure in meeting the man, and then a few days after they both came and dined with me at Sydenham, and after dinner I suggested that Potter should have half an hour to explain to Brooks what he was endeavouring to do, leaving the latter to ask any questions which he thought necessary. The result was that before they left Brooks apologised, and admitted that Potter was right in his aims and methods, and assured him that, so long as he remained editor of *Punch*, there should not be another unpleasant word said about him.

I am glad to mention this in justice to the memory of my poor old friend.

THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.

So much had been said and written about 40,000 single-room tenements in London, breeding vice and filth, that, in 1835, I thought I would like to go

round and see for myself. Knowing Inspector Brennan at that time, a very bright and intelligent Irish officer, he consented to allow me to accompany him and visit some of the worst dens in London, if I went dressed as an artisan. So, in a suit of corduroy, I went with Brennan every night for a week. I need not dwell upon the horrors I saw in this great Christian city of ours, but could not help thinking how the Devil must grin. I felt that these things must be known, and then wrote my pamphlet, which had a circulation of 250,000 copies, and it was this that drew the attention to the great evil of that eminent philanthropist, Samuel Morley, who at his own expense formed a Committee of five or six well-known men to thoroughly investigate the whole matter of housing, and it was their report that for the time made "slumming" quite fashionable. A good deal has been done to remedy this gigantic evil, but it is too great a thing for any individual to deal with, and will never be properly accomplished until taken up by the State.

ALL GREAT AUTHORITIES.

The state of London is a disgrace to the country, to civilisation, Christianity, and humanity.—Dr. NICHOLS.

Our great metropolis has the fairest rind and the foulest core of any city in the world.—DE WINTON.

We are responsible for all the evils that exist in our midst, in proportion to our power to remove them.—GREG.

We send missionaries to the very ends of the earth, while the worst evils of heathenism exist among ourselves.—DR. ARNOLD.

The demoralising state of whole legions of our fellow creatures lies at the root of most of the evils we seek to redress.—LORD SHAFESBURY.

You might as well talk of cleanliness in a sty, or of limpid purity in a cesspool, as talk of morality amongst people who are herded together without regard to age or sex as they are in London.—BISHOP OF RIPON.

Prostitution amongst children of twelve years of age steadily increases in the West of London.—ANNUAL POLICE REPORT, 1881.

Remembering what a sacred thing human life is, it is frightful to think that so much of it is destroyed, not by the act of God, but by the neglect of man.—DR. THOMSON.

It is terrible to witness so often scenes of filth, which one would think it impossible to occur in a Christian land in the nineteenth century.—Dr. LANKASTER

About this time I sent my first contribution to *Punch*, the acceptance of which, perhaps, occasioned me greater gratification than many more serious successes. I was also Vice-Chairman of the West Kent Liberal Association, Vice - Chairman of the National Orphan Home for Girls, Life Governor of Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, also of the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest and the Seaman's Orphanage, so the reader may guess that my hands were pretty full.

THE MUNICIPAL REFORM LEAGUE.

I now began to wonder why the people of London had, for over fifty years, been contented to live under the ministration of forty-seven vestries, while every other city in the Kingdom had its municipal government. It certainly seemed monstrously stupid and unfair, and I determined to see if some

endeavour could not be made to obtain for the richest city in the world a proper and worthy municipality, and meeting with Mr. John Lloyd, whose views were quite in accordance with my own, we determined never to rest until we obtained for London this great and necessary reform. It was at my house at Eltham that the first meeting of about twenty friends was held, and the first committee formed of the "Municipal Reform League," of which it is only fair to say *it created the London County Council!* We had very hard work at first in fighting against not only forty-seven vestries (mostly corrupt), but against the Corporation of the City, whose intense opposition was carried to such a savage and disgraceful extent that they actually engaged a prize-fighter to take fifty hired ruffians to break up our public meetings and stifle the voice of public opinion. They never succeeded, because we got wind of what they were about early in the day, and appointed a body of stalwarts as stewards, who, on a given signal, often after a free fight of some fifteen or twenty minutes, ejected the paid ruffians. This scandalous behaviour of the grand old Corporation (?) of the City was brought before Parliament, which appointed a committee to inquire into the malfeasance of the City Funds. The committee consisted of four Liberals, four Conservatives, with Lord Hartington as chairman. It sat for

a week, and we proved up to the hilt that these City worthies had spent, not out of their own pockets, but out of the City cash, over £14,000 in this conspiracy. Any ordinary person would, of course, suppose that in the end these gentlemen would either have had to repay the money they took from the City funds, or at least be severely censured. But no, the committee were equally divided, and Lord Hartington had to give his casting vote, in which he whitewashed the Corporation, advancing about the silliest reason that ever a man in a great position could possibly arrive at on an important public matter. And it was this: "The Municipal League have clearly proved, beyond all doubt, that these gentlemen have spent £14,000 of the City cash in this unworthy work; my conclusion is, that THEY REALLY DID NOT KNOW THEY WERE DOING WRONG." And this was the weak report sent up to the House of Commons. Verily a great miscarriage of justice. One night, at the Westminster Town Hall, when we were attacked by these ruffians, there was an attempt to storm the platform—the leader had one foot upon it. My blood was up! I gave him Alec Read's "undereut," and "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

However, the Municipal Reform League was a

great success after all, for in the third year of its existence we had amongst our supporters no less than 45 Members of the House of Lords and 100 Members of the House of Commons ; and so it came about that, after fifty-four years of chaos, London at last was given the great privilege of managing its own affairs by the election of the London County Council, of which new body I was one of the first elected members as representative for Deptford.

THE FIRST LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

It is very amusing to think how this election turned out. The measure was passed by a Conservative Government, who felt quite sure that the people of London would return Conservative members. Imagine their consternation when they found they had been living in a fool's paradise and that the people of London returned nearly three-fourths of the Council as Progressives.

The work we had to do for the first few years was stupendous, for we had to clear the Augean stable, left by the corrupt old Metropolitan Board of Works, a task which would have puzzled

Hercules himself. It is well known now that the work caused the death of three of our most important members, and personally I can say that never in my life did I work so hard in my own business as I did during the first two years of this new Council.

The first Chairman of the Parks Committee was Lord Meath, who was knocked up completely by his work in the ninth month. I was his successor, and acted as Chairman for fifteen months, during which I was able, to my great delight and satisfaction, to carry out one of the dreams of my life by establishing Municipal Bands, which have since proved a great success, and a counteraction to the public-house. I was also appointed chief Progressive Whip, which added to my labours very considerably. I was able in my position to carry out the closing of a good many disused burying grounds, which were becoming a perfect nuisance and a serious mischief, converting them into cheerful playgrounds for the swarming child population of the various neighbourhoods. The working people of London owe a great debt of gratitude to my esteemed friend Mr. W. H. Dickinson, M.P., as the one man who not only enormously extended all the means for outdoor games, but organised them so perfectly that their value increased ten-fold.

The first Chairman of this Council, Lord Rose-

bery, was really a heaven-born Chairman, for he not only made himself acquainted with all the business of the Council, but it is due to him that enormous waste of time was saved by passing a resolution that no member should speak for more than ten minutes without the express permission of the Council. I often think what a public boon it would be if the same rule were adopted in our House of Commons.

About twelve months after my retirement from public life I received, on April 16th, 1906, a very gratifying tribute from my fellow-citizens in the shape of a presentation portrait. The presentation was made by my old colleague, Sir James Stansfeld. I venture to quote *in extenso* the excellent report of the proceedings which appeared in that staunch Liberal organ, the *Daily News*, as it will effectively supplement the preceding brief life-history.

“Mr. William Phillips has laboured for reforms in the interests of the people for half a century. He has been well known as an active member of the London School Board and the London County Council, and throughout the country as a writer of reform pamphlets which have obtained exceptionally large circulations. He is active and vigorous still, with plenty of ability and zeal for years of hard work yet to come, but the effects of an accident, about a twelvemonth ago, have made it desirable that he

should retire from public life, and he has been forced to the conclusion that it is better for him to do so. A retrospect of Mr. Phillips's public career takes one back to the early days of the fight for Italian liberty and nationality, in which Sir James Stansfeld took a leading part. Mr. Phillips has, in the course of his public life, made many friends, and probably few or no enemies. His admirers seized upon the occasion of his withdrawal from public life to present him with a testimonial in the shape of a handsome life-size portrait of himself, painted by Mr. James Archer, and Sir James Stansfeld presided over an interesting gathering held in the conference room of the National Liberal Club yesterday afternoon, and in the name of the subscribers asked his acceptance of the picture, which represents him seated in a chair holding a roll of paper on which notes relating to various London reform questions are shown. Prior to the presentation it was mentioned that amongst those who had written expressing regret at inability to attend the meeting were Lord Rosebery and Sir Arthur Arnold, chairman of the London County Council.

Sir James Stansfeld, in making the presentation, remarked that he first made the acquaintance of Mr. Phillips in the days when the young men of England were interesting themselves keenly in the struggle for Italian unity and nationality. Mr. Phillips had taken his part also in the Anti-Corn Law agitation, in the movement which resulted in the abolition of the compulsory Church rates, the reform of the ballot, the equalisation of the Metropolitan Poor

Rate, and, indeed, in all those great measures which had been closely connected with the work of the Liberal party for the last fifty years. He had been instrumental in founding, in association with the late Mr. Firth, the Municipal Reform Association, whose conceptions and teachings with regard to the unification of London had been largely reflected in the framing of measures with that object, and Mr. Phillips had also founded the International Arbitration Association. He (Sir James Stansfeld) felt justified in congratulating Mr. Phillips upon the fact that this country and the United States were now engaged in the discussion of the terms of a Treaty of Arbitration. If that were carried out, he felt confident that one after another the other great civilised nations of the world would come to a similar arrangement. (Loud cheers.) Speaking further of Mr. Phillips's work, Sir James Stansfeld mentioned that the pamphlet 'Paeking of the Poor' reached a circulation of 300,000; the pamphlet 'Home Rule for London' had a circulation of 500,000; while that entitled 'Home Rule Catechism' attained the great circulation of 850,000. With the work of Mr. Phillips on the two great metropolitan public bodies of which he had been a member all were acquainted, and it was also known how he with his family went and lived and worked for the poor people in the wilds of Connemara. Mr. Phillips had been characterised by a love for the people, and had always laboured for what he believed to be their best interests. He (Sir James Stansfeld) commended the example set by such men as Mr. Phillips to the

earnest study of the young men of to-day. The example was one of a long life of consistent, unselfish, active devotion to the interests of the whole population. Mr. Phillips's life has been one which gained for him the recognition and admiration of the people of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Phillips having expressed his high appreciation of the gift, which he said would ever be prized by himself and his family, a vote of thanks to Sir James Stansfeld was accorded on the motion of Mr. J. O'Connor Power, seconded by Mr. W. H. Dickinson, L.C.C.

Mr. O'Connor Power remarked, amid cheers, that they all regarded and admired Sir James as a great Liberal statesman whose name had been associated with every progressive cause in the country for half a century. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Dickinson remarked upon the value and necessity to young reformers of to-day of the sympathy of veterans like Sir James Stansfeld and Mr. Phillips. (Cheers.)

The frame of the portrait of Mr. Phillips bore the following inscription :—“ Presented to W. Phillips, Esq., J.P., ex-member L.S.B. and L.C.C., by his friends and colleagues on his retirement from public life after fifty years of active and useful work in the interests of the people, notably as a successful advocate of free education, municipal reform, and

MUNICIPAL BANDS.”

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

As a lover of fairplay I always have been an advocate for women having a voice in making the laws they are bound to obey, and more especially for their being elected on public bodies, where their services are in many ways exceptionally useful. I have not often felt more angry than I did on the day when the three ladies on the London County Council, who had been doing splendid work, were disqualified by the casting vote of that Darwinian specimen, Lord Halsbury, who gave it as his sapient decision that women were not *persons*, and thereby we lost the valuable services of Lady Sandhurst, Miss Jane Cobden, and Miss Alderman Cons. I can never understand how really sensible and good men, who ought to know that the greatest monarch the world has ever known was a woman, are capable of treating women as inferiors, and with singular injustice. As an example of such unjustified contempt for the invaluable services of women on public bodies, I may mention the fact that I had to resign my position on the committee of the National Orphan Home for Girls, on which I had been for twenty years, because my colleagues

would never agree to placing two or three ladies on the committee, although we had 150 girls to look after.

And again, I resigned my position as Director of the Queen Charlotte Lying-in Hospital, the largest in the kingdom, because my colleagues would insist upon having a man as secretary, who could never properly supervise the work of our highly qualified matrons.

After practically thirty years of quiescence the movement for women's suffrage has again become an important political factor, and the agitation will inevitably go on until the women's demand is realised. Of course, that demand is a legitimate, a just, and a logical one. The arguments of John Stuart Mill on the question are as cogent as when they were originally penned; nay, more so, for the economic advance of womanhood during the past generation has been a very marked and significant one. It must be realised that the economic independence of woman must entail her political independence also. Woman has become a wage-earner, a householder, a ratepayer--in brief, a citizen, and as all the responsibilities of citizenship fall upon her, so must all the privileges of citizenship. She has already the suffrage for the Borough Councils, for the London County Council, and for Boards of Guardians. Parliamentary suffrage is

inevitable for her. By no principle of equity or reasoning can this right be denied her, and the opponents of Woman's Suffrage can offer no convincing reason why women should bear the burden of the rates, and yet be debarred from any voice in local or national government. Great reforms have always moved slowly in England, but this movement is one which daily gains impetus. The acquirement of the Parliamentary suffrage by women is a matter of the very immediate future. It is not conceivable that the demand of woman will stop here. If qualified to vote for a Parliamentary representative, she is also qualified to be a Parliamentary representative herself. Woman in Parliament is now regarded as a jest, but the time is fast approaching when it will become a question of very beneficial earnest. Before the century comes to its meridian it is probable that women will occupy, not only seats in Parliament, but on all public Boards and Departments, and what reasoning student of economics and sociology can doubt that the result will mean an immense betterment in national and municipal government? In the civilisation of the future the sexes will walk hand in hand to the creation of a better order of things and the building up of a better world.

MY CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

At 17—Broken nose—severing the bone—at single-stick.

„ 20—Broken skull, carried in for dead, but had not quite bled to death (hunting with the Badminton).

„ 24—Broke two ribs (jumping).

„ 27—Split left kneecap (3 months on crutches).

„ 30—Broke right leg (riding a bucker).

„ 38—Broke right ankle (skating).

„ 40—Broke collar-bone and left wrist (riding).

„ 70—Broke three ribs (heavy fall in Ireland).

„ 74—Nearly broke my neck (coach accident at Eastbourne).

„ 79—Injured my sciatic nerve, causing paralysis (heavy fall at Mentone).

Spent seven years of my life in bed from accidents.

AND KISSES.

My strong constitution enabled me to get over my numerous accidents wonderfully well, with one exception, and that was the awful experience of being *kissed by forty-two women* in one evening, under some old feudal custom of the ancient Borough of Evesham. This was too much even for a man with the McLeod blood in his veins.

PART II.



PLAY.

PART II.

PLAY.

WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

26th April, 1899.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Esq.,
Clifton Grand Spa, Bristol.

DEAR SIR,—We must apologise for the delay in replying to your letter of the 21st of March; it was by some mistake mislaid, and has only just been brought to our notice.

We now write to say that we willingly give you permission to reprint some of your *Punch* contributions which appeared during the editorship of Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor; kindly acknowledge that they are being reproduced by permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.

Yours truly,

(Signed) BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO., LTD.
(Proprietors of *Punch*.)

P L A Y.

(Selections from my *Punch* contributions,
Songs, and Verses.)

THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION FOR 1874.

One Policeman,
Arm-in-Arm.

Four ditto,
Three a-breast.

Two Mounted Volunteers,
Dismounting involuntarily.

An Ancient Band,
Including the Sackbutt, Dulcimer, and various Musical and
Surgical Instruments, led by

An Immense (Nasal) Organ.

The City Comptroller,
Practising self-control.

The City Remembrancer,
In a state of oblivion.

The Prime Minister (Beaconsfield),
As Lucifer. In a matchless sociable with Bryant and May
“on the box.”

Zoological Specimens in Rows of Three-and-Three,
Commencing with two Elephants, escorted by a Flea.

The City Chimney Sweep
And his Soot.

Constable K 9,
Chasing a Dog.

The Banner of the City Arms.

The Banner of the City Legs.

The Banner of the City Corporation.

Two Hon. Artillerymen
In hollow square.

Three Companies of Volunteers
In sixes and sevens.

The Corn Meters. The Coal Meters.

The Gas Meters. The Comet.
And other Luminaries.

The Company of Cooks,
Personally Conducted.

Alderman St. Lawrence
On a Gridiron.

Professors Tyndall and Huxley
Singing “O dear, what can the matter be ? ”

The Company of Spectacle Makers
Quoting Eusebius.

The Beadle of the Company
With his Mace and Cinnamon.

A Detachment of Engineers,
Consisting of one Officer and one Private, with great
command over themselves.

The Company of Skinners,
In the Skins of Welsh Rabbits.

The Company of Watermen,
Led by Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

Members of the Stock Exchange
Mounted on Bulls, Bears, and Stags.

Alderman Cotton
Bobbing round and contemplating the “ Hides of March.”

The Fishmongers’ Company
Floundering about all out of place.

The Band of the Company
Playing "Herring go bragh."

Alderman Carter,
As "Will Watch," escorted by the Black Watch.

The Commissioners of Sewers
Taking a Drain.

The Company of Wheelwrights,
And sixteen little Boys making Coach-wheels.

A Band of fifty Barrel Organs playing fortissimo.
(Music by Handel.)

The Court of Arches.

Six Archdeacons. The Marble Arch. The Archer
who shot at a frog. Joseph Arch, and several arch
young ladies.

The Astronomer Royal,
Making observations.

Mr. Tootel and Mrs. Tootel Too.

The City Coroner,
In quest of a body to sit upon.

Somebody's Luggage and Great Expectations.

Mr. Darwin
Studying the Tales of a Grandfather.

The Underground Railway,
Supported by Piers of the Realm.

A selfish City Bobby
Singing “Bobby, toi qu’j’aime.”

A Company of City Horse Marines (Limited).

Two agitated very Common Councilmen,
Supported by Sairey Gamp and Sal Volatile.

Captain Shaw

On a Fire Escape ; his hose in his hand, throwing cold water
upon everything.

Several Water Babies
Carrying stréamers.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul’s and two Pages.

Mon Cher Labou

(Of unlimited cheek). The Abbot meek, with his form so
sleek : eating his leek.

The Lord Nosu
Looking for the Lord Noswat.

The Common Crier
Cachinnating.

The Lord Mayor.

The precious Stone, whose lustre is to illumine the City for
the next twelve months. All the little Stones looking very
Glad-stones.

THE CLOCKS OF MENTONE.

BY ONE OF THE HANDS.

A meeting of the clocks of Mentone was held on Wednesday to consider what steps should be taken to promote unanimity and avoid a general strike.

Every endeavour was made to secure privacy, but our representative succeeded in obtaining a place in the case of a roomy grandfather's clock, which enabled him to witness the proceedings and to send us a fairly accurate report. The meeting was called for midnight, but so much difference of opinion prevailed as to when it was really 12 a.m. that members arrived at all times between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m.

About 1 a.m. thirty-nine clocks were present and a start was made.

A cool-looking marble-clock was the first to rise. In a short and sarcastic speech he moved that his exalted friend from the Post-office should take the chair. His impartial views about time were well known ; his only failing was a touch of the *tick doloureux*.

The P.O. clock, however, declined the honour, on the ground that the ignorance and negligence of the officials had so put him out that he had stood at 6.45 for about a week ; and he moved as an amendment that the clock from the Mairie be appointed in his stead. There might then, he said with a wink, be a way to come to a better understanding, and remove the charges of inaccuracy brought by the Press—of all institutions the most inaccurate—from *The Times* downwards. (Hear, hear.)

The motion was seconded by the Church clock and carried *nem. con.*

The chairman then took his seat and called upon the Station clock, who although double-faced was perfectly independent, to address the meeting.

The latter thereupon rose, and, with much unction, moved that all the clocks in Mentone should preserve that perfect freedom for which they were renowned, and which had given them so much entertainment. He had often laughed fit to crack his mainspring to see a passenger, beguiled by his dear old slow friends in the town, crawl to the station and even stop to buy a paper just to find he was five minutes too late for his train. (Loud laughter.) No : he was for perfect independence, and if ever clocks of Mentone agreed upon uniformity and became the slaves of time, he would instantly strike ! What did they care for time ? (Loud cheers.)

The speaker proceeded to describe a certain clamorous member of the clock corporation as *vox et praeterea nihil*, whereupon a stiff-looking British clock observed that if the discussion was to be carried on in French, he would retire. (Derisive cheers.)

The previous speaker explained that he had only used a well-known Latin quotation, feeling sure that no Britisher would understand it. (Loud laughter.)

Here a cuckoo clock and a German with a very guttural gong rose together and tried to shout each other down until called to order by a rakish-looking Swiss musical clock, who asked, “Vot vos Zermatter ? Better let this Berning question drop. [Cries of “Play something cheerful !”] He would play ‘Les Cloches de Corneville’ but he vos lately so much into larking [Interlaken]

that he vos quite out of tune [Thun].” (Cries of “ Chuck him out ! ”)

The town clock then said that as no two of them ever agreed, and never would, they had better all shake hands and go home. Just at this moment a startling apparition appeared. In stalked a gaunt Roman clock, with his hands pointing to twenty past fourteen, which so scared the whole company that they fled, and sought refuge in that rollicking hostel, the International Club, where our representative left them striking all sorts of hours, and singing, “ We won’t go home till morning.”

COLONEL STANLEY’S COLLEAGUE.

Of all the candidates for seats at this memorable General Election (1892), there has been none more entirely after *Punch’s* own heart than Major-General Fielden, candidate for North Lancashire with Col. Stanley. If he is returned, he will, in his single, simple self, supply the place of the inexpressible Doctor, the Great Major, and the Old Admiral. *Tria juncta in uno.*

Punch has received a ream, at least, of reports of the General’s Blackpool oration. While sweet in its infantile simplicity, it is, like all sweet things, a little cloying, from its constant ringing of the changes on a few themes, after the manner of the Lancashire bell-ringers. So *Punch* has thought it best to put it into poetic form, and here it is :—

MAJOR-GENERAL FIELDEN'S SPEECH AT BLACKPOOL.

5th (not 1st) of April.

“ I'm a simple old soldier, as all the county know—
Ask Dr. Cocker and he'll tell you so—
And, really, to Parliament I don't want to go,
So when asked, in all humility, I said ‘ No ! No ! ’

“ I love the British Army, and the English Church I do,
Ask Dr. Cocker and he'll tell you so—
I've nothing to do, and there's nothing that I know,
But I've come into property, tho' why, tis hard to show.

“ I met a man in Preston a few days ago—
Ask Dr. Cocker and he'll tell you so—
Says he, most decidedly, ‘ I don't think so,’
So *he* didn't and *I* don't—that's if you care to know.

“ The only country worth a dump the world can show—
Ask Dr. Cocker and he'll tell you so—
Is England, I may be a fool, but that at least, I know,
So elect me, or take Story—I don't like Stories though.”

AN IDLER'S IDYLL.

I love the wild freedom and ease
Of my snug little Highland nest ;
I love the pure Mountain breeze,
Nicely mixed with a whiff from the seas.
But I think I love idleness best.

I love to lie down in a hollow,
And gaze on the distant blue sea,
And sniff in the scent of the heather ;
Oh ! the *dolce far niente* for me.

How delicious the sense of repose
Of a moss-covered Highland glen,
Though the midges will tickle one's nose,
And a bull will intrude now and then.
Let tourists go rushing about
(As mad as March hares they must be),
But let me sing "*chacun à son goût*,"
And the *dolce far niente* for me.

I never loved solitude well
Till I learned the correct way to bear it,
And the secret I may as well tell—
Get a sweet little girlie to share it.
To shoot on the hills might be jolly
If the grouse would but come after me,
Just give me my pipe and my collie ;
The *dolce far niente* for me.

Let those who think climbing and toiling
O'er steep rocky ridges good fun,
Indulge in their marching and moiling,
While I lie and bask in the sun.
I have seen "Ridge's Food" advertised,
And oft wondered what it could be ;
But if it means black game or grouse,
Why then, it's the right food for me.

It's so nice to have nothing to do,
But just to lie idle and think,
And hum a rum-tootle-ti-too
On a murmuring rivulet's brink,
While, softened by distance, one hears
Cries of “Mark,” “bang-bang,” and the rest of it ;
And then I shake hands with myself,
For I know who is having the best of it.

But this is all music to me,
For, as they work harder and harder,
I chuckle and laugh inwardly,
As I think how they're filling the larder.
Upon those who work hard to get game,
And the cook who can properly treat it,
May all kinds of blessings descend ;
My little game is to eat it.

When over to Shnna we row
My friends at the oars are so grand,
While I coil myself up in the bow,
And steer with a wave of my hand.
Sometimes we tickle the trout,
But throwing a fly is hard work,
So I fish with a worm and a float,
With cushions, propped up in the boat,
As much at my ease as a Turk.

We went to a “kirn” t’other night
(The Secteh for a harvesting racket),
If you’d seen my friends dancing the reels and speys
As though they’d been used to them all their days,
You’d have ordered them each a straight jacket.

I dreamily hate the very idea
Of a “busy, busy bee,”
And a busy-body is just as bad,
Perpetual motion would drive me mad :
The *dolce far niente* for me.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

My jolly old grandmother's ninety-one.
And yet she is hale and hearty,
She thought it would be a good bit of fun
To give a polygamous party.

So she sent invitations all over the world
And they came from every shore,
Such a conglomeration of races and faces
Was never seen before.

There were bachelors from the United States
Who did their best to please,
And nice old maids from the Isle of Man
Escorted by Cingalese.

Pawnbrokers came from the Baltic shores.
A Scot from the Straits of Sunda,
Musicians from the Sound and from Cape Horn
And wags from the Bay of Fundy.

Some gouty old gents from O-port-o,
Some dudes from Piccadilly,
A costermonger from Barrow's Straits
And fools from the Isles of Scilly.

Some artists taking it easel-y
Some debtors from Ohio,
Rope dancers came from Cordova,
Accoucheurs from Borneo.

Two or three brewers from far Nubia
And two or three more from Malta,
Physicians came from Curacao,
Horse dealers from Gibraltar.

Barristers came from Bar-mouth,
Some lawyers from Shikane,
From Canton came some fanatics,
And a lunatic from the Seine.

Several Titans came from Toulouse,
And a very short girl from Toulon ;
But my grandmother said, “ Don’t ask her to sing,
For she only can Sing-a-poor song.”

As the clock struck twelve, my grandmother said,
“ Dear friends, before we part,
I have a few serious words to say
Which must touch every heart.

“ The words are William Shakespeare’s,
Pray listen every one.
How oft the sight of means to do
Ill deeds, makes ill deeds done.”

“ Go home—break up your swords and guns,
Proclaim—GOODWILL and PEACE,
When you’ve bent your fists to fight with,
These wicked wars will cease.”

MOTTO—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

“*Imperium et Libertas*,” that’s the motto for you, brothers—“*Libertas*” for yourselves, boys, and “*Imperium*” over others.

[The following verses were written on the proposal to raise a statue to the lamented young Prince Imperial.]

QUESTION AND REPLY.

Does England to the Prince Imperial owe
A statue? Must *Punch* answer “Yes” or “No”?
Let him rest as he rests, *in statu quo*.

Why sorrow’s tributes beyond sense extend?
No subjects here to grace their Sovereign bend.
We reared, loved, grieved, wept, tombed; be there an end.

In Westminster, where we our great instal,
With Stanley’s leave, he has no place at all;
Woolwich, that taught him, may record his fall.

And claiming Art’s aid, with least need for Art
Let Chislehurst its mural marble part
Between the Father, Son, and Mother’s Heart.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.*

A rich man slept in his velvet chair,
And he dreamt of his lands and his gold.
Strangers to him were sorrow and care,
But his Heart was hard and cold,
And a still small voice within him said :
"The world is full of woe and grief.
What hast *thou* done to give it relief ?
Is thy cold heart sleeping or dead ?
Is thy cold heart sleeping or is it dead ?"

And he dreamt that he saw an orphan child
Whose misery seemed to mock his state,
And with piteous face that seldom had smiled
She told the sad tale of her cruel fate.
No Father to cherish her in his heart,
No Brother's love to counsel and guide,
With scarcely a friend in the world so wide,
With scarcely a friend in the world so wide.
And the still small voice made the rich man start.
Made the rich man start, the rich man start.

And he rose up quick from his velvet chair,
And an earnest prayer he prayed :
That he might be moved with a Father's care,
For that poor little Orphan maid.
And the still small voice spake once again,
The still small voice spake once again :

* This song went through twenty editions.

“ I’ve awakened thy heart to a nobler part,
I’ve awakened thy heart to a nobler part.
Let it in selfishness ne’er sleep again,
Let it in selfishness ne’er sleep,
Ne’er sleep again.”

A. VALENTINE ?

(NEW STYLE.)

“ Thou com’st in such questionable shape that I will speak to
thee.”

O Valentine ! O Valentine !
There’s something in that name of thine,
Some mystic charm or potent spell,
Though what thou art I cannot tell,
You’ve turned the heads of half the maids,
And played the very dence with most men,
And on my life I’m half afraid
You’ve been the death of many Postmen.

O Valentine ! O Valentine !
How to address thee I don’t know ;
There’s nothing in that name of thine
To tell my thoughts which way to go.
Are you celestial, or terrestrial ?
Or come you from the realms below ?
Divine or Druid, solid or fluid ?
Were you born, or did you grow ?

O Valentine ! O Valentine !
At least pray let me know your gender—
Masculine, neuter, feminine ?
I gness you're something nice and tender,
Although you've hurled one-half the world
Down upon their marrow-bones,
Writing begging-letters and billet-doux in tender tones.

Why this sudden burst of spooning ?
Why this billing and this cooing ?
Tell me, most mysterious saint,
What new mischief art thou brewing ?
Are those little Cnips cooking
Hearts or kidneys by their fires ?
While Apollos on are looking
Too mnch struck to strike their Lyres.

Why those little sporting Cupids
Doing the Toxopholite,
Archly piercing maidens' bosoms,
Grinning with a grim delight ?
Will some initiated friend
Explain the meaning of the line
Ever asking at the end,
“ Wilt thou be my Valentine ” ?

To any nice young girl I say,
Prithee, sweetheart, tell me true,
If you had a Valentine,
With him, or it, what would you do ?
And, Darling, if you'd only take me,
I'm ready to be always thine,
So if you please at once you'll make me,
Whate'er it be, your Valentine.

NOT THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

It is announced in the Irish papers that a Mr. Bolster is to be the new Member for Limerick. Surely Home Rule wants pillars to prop it, more than bolsters to go to sleep on.

MARRY IN HASTE, AND REPENT AT LEISURE.

As this is leap-year, we may remind our marriageable readers of both sexes that the Germans call April 21st the "Buss-tag," meaning the day of repentance. Too many a British lad and lass, after the April fool game of "Kiss in the ring," have had reason to keep their Buss tag as a day of repentance ever afterwards.

QUESTION.—What's the difference between a fraudulent bank director and a servants' registry office?

ANSWER.—The former cooks books, the latter books cooks.

"RESURGAM," as the onion sauce observed to the boiled rabbit.

APPROPRIATE ALTERATION OF NAME.

In future the favourite and most indigestible form of Christmas pastry will be known as “mince pies-on.”

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.—The collie-flower, of course.

A DREAM
OF THE VERY IMPOSING
LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, 1904.

By COUNCILLOR COCKALORUM.

Mr. Brooke-Hitching
Blowing his own trumpet.

The Editor of the *Daily Mail*
As Apollo with his lyres.

Two Bachelors
Representing the United States.

An Old Maid from the Isle of Man.

A Band of 50 Nasal and Barrel-organs.

A Party of Rope-dancers from Cordova.

The Staff of the *Financial News*
On very big Chargers, attired in Black Mail.

Mr. Marks, M.P.,
As Orpheus with his loot.

The Lord High Chancellor,
From the Ape X of his position.
Declaring Women are not Persons ! !

Messrs. Christie
As the Two Obadiah's.

Punch and Judy
Singing the "Light of Other Days."

Alderman Dimsdale
As Bombastes Furioso.

Mr. J. C. Chamberlain, M.P.,
(The Little Loafer),
As ole Joe kicking up behind and before.

The Washupful Company of Fishmongers
With their cast-o'-nets.

The Beadle of the Company
Singing a sole-oh !

A Party of Brewers from Malta and Nubia.

A Company of Infantry from Brest.

And another from Lap-land.

A Mounted Volunteer
Singing “Let me like a Soldier fall.”

Some Vocalists from Tennessee.

Mr. Pinero’s Wife
With a set smile after reading “the Dream.”

A Rand-y Chinese Coolie out for a Knouting.

Three Policemen
Forming hollow square.

The Company of Stationers,
Just from Rheims.

The Banner of the City Corporation.

“Real Turtle and Mock Titles.”

The City Remembrancer
Forgetting himself.

A mixed band of Musical, Surgical, and Hop-tickle
Instruments.

Lord Rosebery
Showing his hand (just for once).

Two Archdeacons looking for Lawn.

Two Poor Curates
In left-off clothes looking forlorn also.

The Marquess of Manglesey
As Dandy Jim from Ohio.

Messrs. Beecham and Holloway
In a pill-box brougham.

Poor Aristocratic Pensioners,
Represented by Lords Hamilton and Cross and Chaplin, M.P.,
Who get £5,000 a year.

And

A Body of Poor Old Working Men,
Who get the Workhouse.

The Links-eyed Prime Minister
In a bunker.

Several Horse-trainers from Gibraltar.

The Company of Tanners
Singing a Song of Sixpence.

Two Fanatics from Cant-on.

Lord Mayor Pound
As the City Sovereign mounted on an Elephant's Trunk.
Representing 50,000 people and one square mile.

Kubelik
Looking for the Lost Chord.

The Member for Bucks
Taking a dose.

A Russian Admiral in a Blue Funk,
Singing “I know a bank.”

The City Registrar of Marriages
As Snug the Joiner.

The Macintosh of Macintosh
With his Umbrella.

Two Minor Canons with Patent Breaches
Just going off.

The Washupful Company of Cooks
In a Car representing Ancient Grease.

The Gastronomer of the Munching House
As King of Otaeat-y.

Members of the Stock Exchange on Dromedaries
Cussing Humps and Slumps.

Britannia
On a truly British Lion with no Bear-ing rein.

Jingoes pulling the Lion’s Tail.

Two Fools from Scilly.

The Band of the Few-silliers.

Mr. J. W. Benn, M.P. and L.C.C.
(The Real Lord Mayor),
Representing five millions of people and 128 square miles.

The Banner of the late Alderman

FINIS.

ODE TO THE THREE CHAFERS (PARNELL & Co.).

By Sir S. N.

Your Vulgar Fractions cause distractions,
Your Divisions make me sad,
Your Rule-of-Three distresses me,
And your Practice drives me mad.

WHO HOLDS THE KEY OF THE POSITION?—General Election.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—Ponto had kept on standing most provokingly at larks. “Call that a pointer,” exclaimed Wag, “I should call him a disap-pointer.”

“PRECIOUS HARD LINES”—as the locomotive said to the railway.

EMPTY BENCHES OUT OF PLACE.

Might *Punch* take the liberty of asking the Governors of that wealthy institution, the Foundling Hospital, how it is that, with a handsome chapel, a competent clergyman, and efficient choir and a willing organist, the congregation at the afternoon services, exclusive of the children of the Hospital, varies from three to ten, including verger’s children? Can this miserable meagreness of

outside attendance have any connection with the printed board outside requesting people (not Governors) to pay on admission? and, if so, might it not be an advantage to the crowded neighbourhood of Gray's Inn if one board —of Governors—abolished the other board—of “pay at the doors”? so that the beautiful service might be offered up before a congregation, instead of empty benches.

THE CITY FATHERS; OR, THE FEAST OF ST. TOM.

WHEN THE C.C. ARE ELECTED.

By BARNEY MAGUIRE, St. Jingo de Jimini,
A Franko de Rimini Nimminny-pimminny
Offally-Wylde Young Man.

O for glorification and edification,
What celebration can with this compare,
When London citizens, our sage and witty sons,
To the ancient Wardmote O they all repair?
'Tis there you'll find lots of gorgeous beadles,
With mace and cinnamon as in days of yore,
The Alderman and Mayor each taking his chair,
The Common Councilmen, and many more.

Economy scorning, that self-same morning,
Themselves adorning in their Sunday clothes,
Each man a smart 'un, feeling like a Spartan,
Puffed up with dignity, as I suppose.

For it sets one trembling, to think of assembling
To decide the issues of such awful weight,
As to whether Robinson, or Brown, or Dobinson
Is the most competent to save the State.

In the gate of Alders one J. M. Walders,
An audacious Lictor, who e'en dares to think,
Declared severely that the members merely
Considered only what to eat and drink.
Then Deputy Fowler, that courageous growler,
Denounced all gluttony with his wonted heat,
O it's a wonder, that bold Fowler's thunder
Did not shake from under him his Council seat.

In the Gate of Billing they were mostly willing
To impale as traitors those who'd dare to touch
Their mo-no-po-ly, which St. Georgius drolly,
By salmon and sole he did swear over much.
Then mild Mr. Measley, he got up uneasily,
"We're all at loggerheads," says he, "I fear";
And poor Mr. Laby sang hush-a-bye baby,
And walked off to lay bye for another year.

In Bread, Saint Mungo, O he made some fun go,
By boldly saying, "thongh I hate intrigue;
If they mean 'Extension,' I at once will mention,
It is my intention for to join the League."
In small Cordwainer, Mr. Deputy Taylor
Some change would graciously himself permit,
But if legislation meant confiscation,
Oh ! botheration, no, the dence a bit !

In Farringdon Within there was some pith in
What Rudd and Judkin said to silky Soame,
Naught could be expected when the Ward rejected
An orthodox G. B. and elected Rome.
Then Harvey the Antique and H. Flips the frantic
A motion carried which excited mirth,
That the world would stop, sure, and the skies would
drop, sure,
If this ancient City were but touched by Firth.

But the great set-out O, was in Farringdon Without, O,
A kind of Donnybrook, all bubble and squeak ;
An example to all ages, you will find these civic sages
Hit off most charmingly in *Punch* last week.
All kindly warning they've repelled by scorning,
And, like old Belshazzar at his final rout,
Disdaining repentance, they will find the sentence,
“Your days are numbered, and your game's played out.”

THE DEVIL'S LAST VISIT TO LONDON.

Old Nick had received such conflicting reports
On a coming L.C.C. Election.
That he tucked up his tail, took the underground rail,
Bought the *Morning Leader* and *Daily Mail*,
And went off to the seat of action.

As he passed the palatial mansions and clubs
He nodded to many a friend,

And he feasted his eyes on the fetid styes,
And his ears on the oaths, and sobs and sighs,
Where the poor were packed and penned.

How it made his sable Majesty grin,
For it needed no prophet to tell
That the seed thus sown of sorrow and sin,
Soddened in filthiness, watered by gin,
Would ensure a good harvest for Hell.

He saw Civic Dives, and some of his brood,
At a Sybarite feast in the City,
And he thought of the thousands pining for food,
Till the Devil himself was almost in the mood
To feel a sensation of pity.

But the London Sunday tickled him most,
And he said to himself with glee,
“ Shut the door to all innocent recreation,
And open your gin-shops—Pecksniffian nation,
That is just what I like to see.”

He passed by some Jingoes creating a scare,
And he murmured with jubilation,
“ All Europe is crammed with combustible matter,
A single live spark from this truculent chatter
Would cause a vast conflagration.”

The very idea of another great war,
Amongst so many countless legions,
Made him chuckle and dance and yell,
And he sent a sixpenny wire to Hell—
“ Enlarge the infernal regions.”

He heard some sailors, half seas o'er,
“Rule Britannia” bawling,
And his tail with pleasure began to wag,
For he loved this bit of British brag.
And joined in their caterwauling.

He went to see “life” in the West at night,
And, says he, with a dash of profanity,
“I am the Deity here, I think”;
And he entered a tavern and had a drink
To modern Christianity.

At last to Bumble, Beadle, & Co.
His sable Majesty came,
And he laughed till the tears rolled down his face,
As he watched the injured, innocent brace
Playing their little game.

“Bless you, my children,” he softly said,
“I quite approve of your plan,
Beneficence at any cost,
Or London to me may be utterly lost,
I’ll help you all I can.”

But just at that moment he happened to see
The basilisk glance of W. P.,*
And, muttering just one big, big D.,
He went back to Hell in a hurry.

* William Phillips.

NO ROOM TO LIVE.

LONDON PRIDE (?). 40,000 SINGLE-ROOM TENEMENTS.

Why should London wait ?
Now its conscience is painfully stirred ?
Now we've allowed its possible state,
Can its rights be longer deferred ?

Yes : why should London wait ?
When the Empire's sick at the Heart,
Surely it's not the time to play,
A mere Political part.

Why should London wait ?
And who is to bear the blame ?
If further neglect should breed a hate
We may find it hard to tame.

Why should London wait ?
While Cabinets slumber and nod,
And the people are losing faith
In humanity, justice, and God ?

O, why should London wait ?
In its horrible slough and slime,
While each day adds to its victims
Of misery, shame, and crime ?

Away with all crotchetts and fads,
The evil lies deep at the root,
The seeds of our gross neglect
Are bearing their natural fruit.

Why should London wait ?
Its wounds are gaping wide,
While modern Priests and Levites,
Pass by on the other side.

Why should London wait ?
An answer comes from above,
“Whoever lives true life
Must learn to love true love.”

And how has this love been shown
To the suffering outcast poor ?
By leaving the festering mass alone
Till danger knocks at the door.

Then why should London wait ?
While Statesmen beat the air,
We may hear the cry—“Too late ! ”
If rage succeeds to despair.

To stem this tide, to cleanse this den,
To avert some fearful fate,
Let us “quit ourselves like men,”
And say “We will NOT wait.”

LOVE'S MAGIC.

I love ! and am loved ! I am mad with the pleasure.
How absorbing the rapture, how priceless the treasure !
One soul-thrilling kiss was the only love token,
And the eyes expressed that which the lips have not
spoken.

I love ! and am loved ! And this dull, dreary earth
Is transformed to an Eden of sunshine and mirth.
The air is perfumed, and the Zephyr's sweet voice
In harmonious whisp'rings bids me rejoice.

Love's magic has all nature's beauties unfurled,
And shows me a brighter and happier world
Illumed by the light of love, warmed by its fire,
Exalting one's thoughts above earthly desire.

The flowers of the forest, the birds in the wood
In unison seem with my rapturous mood,
And all things created, inspired from above,
Cry, "The apex of happiness, Mortal, is love ! "

I love ! and am loved ! Let the song and the dance
And the lay of sweet music my pleasures enhance.
O ! my passion's the warmest, my love's the sincerest,
And of Eve's fairest daughters my darling's the dearest.

My heart is o'erflowing with grateful expression
To thee, dearest girl, for thy graceful confession.
I feel that to thee, love, the mission is given
To be my bright guiding star, leading to heaven.

THE SONG OF THE CONSCRIPT.*

“With spirit weary and worn,”
With nothing but gloom ahead.
A man toiled on with rifle and sword
On a road that to nowhere led.
Tramp ! tramp ! tramp !
With straggle and strain and fag ;
And as he dragged on through the endless camp
He sang the “Song of the Flag.”

Drill ! drill ! drill !
When youth is fresh for the strife,
And drill ! drill ! drill !
Through the vigour and prime of life !
If thus I’m to serve and save
The land that has given me birth,
Let them come and write, “Here lies a slave,”
And shovel me under the earth.

Drill ! drill ! drill !
Till the will grows whipped and mean,
And drill ! drill ! drill !
Till the mind is a mere machine.
Wheel, and double, and halt,
Halt, and double, and wheel,
Till body and soul are things that move,
But have ceased to think and feel.

* After witnessing so many ruined lives in France.

But drill ! drill ! drill !
And I look for the end in vain ;
And what are my wages ? A blood-red field,
With a bullet sent through my brain,
Or home with a crippled limb,
Or wound that leaves no rest,
And gives me, in 'change for health and limb,
A gew-gaw pinned to my breast !

But oh ! to breathe the breath
Of an age when all are free !
Are broken 'neath no iron rule,
To none bend slavish knee !
For I long for that cherished time
When that iron rule shall cease,
As my million suffering brothers hail
The dawn of a golden peace !

Oh ! men who have children dear !
Oh ! men who have homes and wives !
Do you think, as you deck us in glitter and plume,
Of our worn and threadbare lives ?
Tramp ! tramp ! tramp !
With struggle and strain and fag !
And if this world means work and life,
Then a shroud should be our flag !

Why pale as I talk of death
When his labour is all your own ?
You lavish your gold on my butcher's garb
For death, and for death alone.

Yet you groan at your millions paid
For the cost of my kit and keep !
And wonder that arms should cost so much
When blood can be shed so cheap !

“ With spirit weary and worn,”
With nothing but gloom ahead,
A man toiled on, with rifle and sword,
On a road that to nowhere led.
Tramp ! tramp ! tramp !
With struggle and strain and fag,
And as he dragged on through the endless camp,
Ah ! would on some hearts it could leave its stamp !
He sang “ The Song of the Flag.”

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

SUGGESTED BY ARNOLD’S “ BELSHAZZAR,” AND THE
BOER WAR.

“ Just as Belshazzar, whose consuming pride
Led him the God of Judah to deride,
There cometh forth a hand upon the stone
Graving the symbols of a speech unknown,
And still it glideth silently and slow,
And still beneath the spectral letters grow.”

The awful lesson Babylon learned that night
For us has meaning if we read aright ;
Who wars with God must fight a losing fight—
We must be JUST—a broken reed is might,

For He is Ruler of the rulers still,
And all must bow submissive to His will ;
When nations choose the paths of pride and lust
Their fate is sealed—they have betrayed their trust.

Vain of his conquests, and with impious boasts
Belshazzar dared defy the Lord of Hosts ;
That night he died upon his golden throne,
Slain by a man whose name was never known ;
And still the mystic sign and occult spell
Carry their meaning and their portent well—
May not Great Britain like Great Babylon fall
If heedless of the WRITING ON THE WALL.
And Nemesis, whose eye is over all ?

N.B.—The Almighty does not send in His bill weekly.

A LAY OF MODERN EUROPE.

Our mighty Mother, Europe,
By light and truth she swore,
That all her too long-suffering sons
Should butchered be no more.
By light and trnht she swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade the nations sally forth
From East and West, from South and North,
To hear her say her say.

From East and West, from South and North,

The nations pour in fast,

For they have heard how war has fled,

How Peace is here at last.

Shame on the Army tailor

Who comes dissolved in tears,

And when desired to drink to “Peace”

Gives three most feeble cheers!

For men, once more as brothers,

Are meeting on the plain,

And throwing to the fire the arms

They'll never need again.

And clothiers and contractors

Look on in mute despair,

While Krupp, quite overcome, tears out

What's left him of his hair.

Now from the Roman marshes,

Now from the Volga's bank,

Speed throngs, who stretch a greeting hand

To Tenton and to Frank;

While turban'd Moslems, tattered Celts,

Crowd in, till none could tell

The former once had loathed Berlin,

The latter loved Parnell.

Then out spake Mother Europe,

And said her royal say:

“My sons, an end of war,” quoth she,

“I wot we'll see to-day.

For though the cloud is gathering,
And statesmen fear the worst,
I'll venture yet to make a bet,
That cloud will never burst.

"What if the Czar look thunder,
And Kaiser William too,
And what if Kings and Presidents
Reflect the awful hue.
What if the artful Johnny Bull
The treaty deftly shelves,
And all the pack shriek after war,
They'll have to fight themselves !"

Then from the vast arena
There went a mighty cheer,
And as it swelled upon the breeze,
And rose from tier to tier,
The Heralds put down sawdust,
And in the ring revealed
Lay what the world had longed to see,
A *Modern* battle-field !

And there, no million brothers
Stood dressed in coloured coats,
Prepared (though on the best of terms)
To cut each other's throats.
But merely a few gentlemen,
Who better might have known,
But, bent on cutting others' throats,
Had now to risk their own !

And there they all stood shivering,
(They were select and few)
Because, involved themselves, they found
The situation new.
For despots in their quarrels
Spared neither lives nor gold
(Of course the lives were *not* their own)
“In the brave days of old !”

Then none was bent on justice,
But each sought guilty gain,
And blood streams flowed o'er trampled crops
Like rivers swollen with rain.
Then lands were rent and wrested,
And birthrights bought and sold,
These despots were rare “brothers”—
In the brave days of old.

Now despot is 'gainst despot
Matched fairly as a foe,
And has to pay his debt himself,
If debt he chance to owe.
Where, from their craze for glory,
Has grown so wondrous cold,
That—strange—men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old !

So now in the arena
They stood select and few,
While round them the expectant world
Watched what they next would do.

For last words had been spoken,
And when these trifles cease,
When *ultimatums* fly about
Who then shall keep the peace ?

For Italy "had new designs"
Which not a Power would moot ;
At Berlin and St. Petersburg
The "tension was acute" ;
Vienna "couldn't wait an hour,"
The others "spurned delay,"
And so to all these mighty men
Thus Europe said her say :

"Ye mighty men, ye rulers,
Who play with pitch and mud,
And think to wash your foul hands clean
In streams of common blood,
Know now that all old brutal laws
Are laid on dusty shelves ;
And if you're bent on great campaigns,
You'll make them by yourselves."

Then up stalked Kaiser William,
With Bülow at his side,
And gave a nod to Austria,
Who smiled, and then replied
A few soft words : while gently
Tripped up the sportive Czar,
And said, "What say you, gentlemen,
Think you it's worth a war ?"

A fighting Turk looked scowling,
And one of British birth
Cried "Fight": for John Bull's instincts
Are known throughout the earth.
But when the Heralds smilingly
Gave dynamite all round,
And brought them each a knife, they drew
Together on the ground.

And quietly and peacefully
In whispers there they talked,
While lint was deftly cut in strips
And lists correctly chalked.
And then as all the millions watched
Upon the thronging stands,
They saw them smile—then after that
All shake each other's hands.

And one was chosen spokesman,
And turned to all the tiers.
And notified midst rising roars
Of laughter mixed with cheers—
That "though the tension was acute"
They'd exercised their wits,
And "saw no need for cutting up
Each other into bits!"

Then louder rose the ringing cheers,
And swelled in mighty roar,
And millions laughed that day as they
Had never laughed before.

For war had been diverted
By measures new and bold,
And only the contractors wept
For "the brave days of old."

And so at cheery Christmas,
When all is bright below,
And no one but the postman
Comes tramping through the snow,
When near the area railings
The waits commence their din,
And by their lightsome strains outside
Provoke some *weights* within.

When the last bill is settled,
And Christmas lights are lit,
While pudding fills the cauldron,
And beef is on the spit,
When all the merry circle
No social firebrand knows,
When the boys are cramming sweetstuff,
And the girls selecting beaux.

When Mr. Bull smiles brightly,
And no one dreams of gloom,
And his good wife's chatter merrily
Goes flashing round the room—
With hearty British laughter
Shall the story still be told,
Of how those chiefs declined to fight
In those "brave days of old."

A SECRET FOR THE SCHOOL OF COOKERY.—How to curry favour.

CALF-LOVE.—To Mothers: Vaccinate from the calf direct, if you have any regard for your infant's weal.

A PIG IN A POKE (BONNET).

Pig in a poke! Oh, how can you joke,
Dear old *Punch*, in that style on the sweetest of bonnets?
Which, instead of your lash, ought to bring down a clash
From the bells in your cap, in the sweetest of sonnets.

Say "a duck in a poke" or "a dove in a poke,"
Or "a dear in a poke," or "a pet" or "a poppet."
But "a pig in a poke"—'tis the ugliest joke
On the prettiest fashion—PLEASE, *Mr. Punch*, drop it.

NO MORE WANTED.

There is said to be an increase this month in one item of our imports from France—the Article of Jesuits—of which there is already too large a stock in this country.

ALTERNATIVE TITLE FOR DARWIN'S "DESCENT OF MAN."—"Tails of a Grandfather."

DOG AND CAT.—Old officers tell us "the Services are going to the dogs." Can this be the reason they are getting rid of the cats?

THE TABLES TURNED.—The complaint about schools nowadays is, that instead of being a case of "Dotheboys" it is one of "Dotheparents."

A PLEA FOR THE POOR OLD DADDIE.

BY A SYMPATHISING LADDIE.

In all the books of the present age,
And almost every other,
You've never very far to seek
For lines in praise of Mother,
But strange to say you never find,
Or "hardly ever," rather,
A single line of any kind
In praise of poor old Father.

I must confess I’m quite in touch
With all that’s sweet and tender.
I could not think or say too much
To praise her, or defend her,
And yet I feel that I am bound,
As a conscientious laddie
And one who loves fair-play all round,
To speak a word for Daddie.

’Tis on his shoulders it doth rest
The duty of maintaining
The home and all within its nest,
No flinching, no complaining,
For this he labours day by day
With honest pride and pleasure,
And thus doth earn, as all must say,
Affection without measure.

Of filial ingratitude
Our Shakespeare tells the truth
When he declares ‘tis sharper
Than the serpent’s fatal tooth.
Then let us all of Mother sing,
Both loving lass and laddie,
Until the hills and valleys ring,
But don’t forget dear Daddie.

OUR LIFE AT DUNLOE CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF THE MA-HONEYS.

And here I sit in my Castle Hall,
The honey is trickling down the wall,
My male retainer is blythe and gay,
Sipping his toddy and smoking his clay.

Why doth the naughty little Bee
Waste many shining hours
In coming here to worry me
Instead of sucking flowers ?

Talk not to me of " Busy Bees,"
I call it utter bosh ;
They loaf about to buzz and tease,
Till treated to a *squash*.

Does it not seem funny,
Tho' my temper they do tax,
In exchange for their wild honey
I give them my wild *whacks* ?

Of course we've caught the Castle airs,
With all its fenal feeling ;
We seldom deign to walk downstairs,
But just fall through the ceiling.

For there are holes in every floor
Quite easy for to go through,
And chinks enough at every door
To put your biggest toe through.

Our kitchen is a Dungeon deep
That only one can sit in,
It's fifty feet below the Keep,
But good enough to *spit* in.

Our cook, the redoubtable Bridget.
A terror to all evil-doers ;
Keeps us all in a regular fidget
By using her hairpins as skewers.

But O, and its pleasant to linger in bed,
In this beautiful land of the South,
And think of the pretty things Poets have said,
While the honey drops into your mouth.

But we stick to the jolly old place,
And we say to our critical friends,
It's a castle once owned by Miss Grace,
And that makes abundant amends.

N.B.—I wrote this sonnet
With a bee in my bonnet.

A SCALLYWAG'S ALPHABETICAL REFLECTION
UPON THE LAST BRITISH GENERAL
ELECTION.

A was the Answer returned by the Nation
In tones of determined disapprobation :
No pigtails, protection, nor *retaliation*.

B was the Balfour, who stuck to his seat
Too long, and so courted certain defeat.
Unable to move, he soon got check-mated,
Or, to put it another way, *retaliated*.

C was the Chamberlain—Jaunty Joe,
Demanding Protection—but, we say *No*.
His flapdoodle fallacies with facts will *never* tally
Until the day when we learn to play at thinking
Imperially.
So long as the Statistics prove our trade's as good as
ever,
We'll never tax the people's food—No—“*not for*
Joseph”—*Never*.

D is the Deluge, which, with its clean sweep,
Has made Tories and Unionists wonder and weep,
And awakened the Liberals out of their sleep.

E stands for the Estimates, and we confess
Our opponents have left us a terrible mess.
Mr. Asquith's great task is nothing to grin at,
But we *ask with respect*,—which end he'll begin at ?

F Stands for failure, folly, and Foster
Who has lately used language fit for a Coster ;
It must make all his partisan friends very sad
To find an ex-Minister talk like a “ Cad.”

G ’s the new Government, hearty and able,
Who first have to clean out the Augean stable.
Now, the coast is quite clear, they need not be afraid of
Showing the Country the stuff they are made of ;
They’ve driven the Autocrats flying before ’em,
You may look for them now at the *Pons Asinorum.*

H is bold Horridge—performed the great feat
Of turning Prince Arthur out of his seat.
And for his success in so ably getting it,
May we all hope that long he will sit in it.

I is the Irish, to agitate driven
Till, in some form or other, Self-government’s given.

J is the Jingo, curse of the Country,
Noted for insolence, brag, and effrontery.

K is good King Edward—whom we’ll never cease
To honour, love, and reverence, as the mighty friend
of Peace.

L is for Labour, whose party at last
Will be able to right some wrongs of the past.
If they stick to demanding what’s justly their due
They will have the support of the Liberal crew.

We all must admit, it is honest and fair
 That the working Bees should have their share.
 But, if they want everything, all their own way,
 They will very soon find it's no part of the Play.

M may do for Mending (pray suppress your tears),
 It must be that, or ending, the Veto of the Peers.

N is Mr. Nobody, the only one to fret
 And gnash his teeth, at seeing the Tory sun has set.

O stands for the Olive branch
 Which we graciously hold out
 To all who fought us fairly, and have suffered in the
 Rout.

P is the Pearree, who will go down to Fame
 As the one man eleeted because of his name,
 For he went down to Leek, and in language fierce
 Said they should *not* have a *Bill* when they might
 have a *Pearree*.
 So they sent away Bill with one for his Nob
 And elected the courteous, competent Bob ;
 And now, they've all got so fond of his name
 That they go about singing "*Robert toi que j'aime.*"

Q the curions Question that everyone is asking,
 Where is now the remnant, of Balfour's party,
 basking ?
 That Question I can answer, in words most un-
 expected,
 The *Remnant* of the party is at *Holborn* re-elected.

R is the Ruinons cost to the Nation
 Which chooses a War 'stead of wise Arbitration,
 John Bull is far too much given to fight,
 And the last thing he thinks of (too oft) is it right ?

S is the Sinclair ; — Jewish seceder.
 Romford has sent him to follow his Leader.
 That was his wish so often repeated,
 So now he has gone, by 8,000 defeated.

T stands for Thanet, where, full of their larks,
 They've ejected a King and elected a Marks.
 In olden times the men of Kent could always plainly
 see
 When to fight in earnest, and when for a *jew-de-spree*.

U is the Universe soon to collapse ! !
 Now we're going to be governed by Radical chaps,
 Scallywags, Anarchists, Rats, and the rest of it ;
 And we smile, quite content to wait for the test of it.

V are the Victims of Government's neglect
 In respect of Old Age Pensions ; all excuses I reject.
 For over forty years it has been talked and talked
 about,
 And now, it is left to our new men to quickly carry
 out.
 I've just looked through the Civil List, and it makes
 one very hot
 To see the mint of money spent on those who want
 it not.
 As for the worn-out *Working Man* — there comes in
 the blot.

W stands for Waterlow—the very much respected Member of the L.C.C., for Parliament elected.
And now I have got to X. Y. Z.
I'll finish my pipe, and—off to *Bed*.

ALADDIN, A WONDERFUL SCAMP.*

NEW VERSION.

Tune—"Cannibal Islands."

A Caliph once in Bagdad reigned
Whom nothing astonished or grieved or pained,
From pursuit of his pleasure he never refrained.
This magnificent Caliph of Bagdad.
He'd a brand-new wife about once a week,
Of this weakness I'm almost afraid to speak,
For 'twas said he used to give them sack,
And a drop too much of the Tigris.

O inkey pinckey winky wy,
Warn't it wicked, o erimini fi.
To tell the truth, his name was *Ali*,
This magnificent Caliph of Bagdad.

“Rory O'More.”

In a dark court in Bagdad Aladdin did dwell,
Not a court like the Caliphs, for he was no swell :
Vat his dad was the chronicles all fail to show,
But the Son went about singing “Any ole elo’.”

* Written for John Parry in 1843.

“Ratecatcher’s Daughter.”

The Princess Fatima was very fond of paddling in the water.

To the Turkish bath she went one day with her maidens to escort her;

Aladdin he went to have a peep, which of course he didn’t ought ter.

And the precious young scamp instead of marrying a tramp Fell in love with the Caliph’s daughter.

“The Days when we went Gipsying.”

In Bagdad lived a conjurer, a long time ago,

The Wizard of the East they called him, bnt his name was Bo :

He had a magic lantern, and a magic ring, also :

Modern wizards were all fools to him, John Anderson my Joc.

He passed his time right merrily, so free from care or woe,
And he’d a kind of understanding with a friend of his below—

A comical kind of contraet with a gentleman below !

“Jim Crow.”

He used to call his friend np whenever he felt inclined,
And order him to send up whatever he had a mind :
Whenever he wanted Zamiel—the gentleman below—
He only had to rub his magic lamp just so.

He’d turn about, and twist about, and do just so,
And every time he rubbed his lamp, up jumped his friend below.

“ John White.”

Zelinda was his servant girl, as smart as e'er was seen,
Although she walked in Sydenhams instead of crinoline ;
She used to fetch old Bo his sprats, his bacey and his beer,
And, of course, she had a follower whose name was
Mustapheer.

One day when he was out of luck, says he, “ My Tiddy-
Oddy,

Unless you lend me half-a-crown I'll go and be a body.”
Just then Aladdin happened the back window to pass,
So she took Bo's lantern and she sold it for old brass.

“ St. Anthony.”

Aladdin he sat on a three-legged stool, rubbing the lamp
he held in his hand,

Up jumped Zamiel with a grin and a yell, saying, “ What
does your highness please to command ? ”

“ Ulloh,” says Aladdin, “ pray, who are you ? ” “ I'm the
genius of the lamp and ring.”

“ O crikey ! I thought you were—but, then, a genius is
quite another thing.

So now, Mr. G., pray tell to me, what is your business all
about ?

Have you any old clo' or metal to sell ? If you have,
pray bring them out.”

“ Oh ! I've nothing more to say than this, the lord of
the lamp I'm bound to obey,

Whatever you order me, sir, to do, do it I must, I cannot
say nay.”

“In the Strand.”

“ Oh ! I wish to indulge my fancy, heigho ! heigho !
You’re the man for me, I can see, heigho ! heigho !
So pray now, Mr. Genius, understand, understand,
I wish for a Crystal Palace off hand near the Strand.
None of your bricks and mortar, understand, understand,
And then for the Caliph’s daughter—her hand I demand.”

“The Cure.”

“ Oh, yes, Sirree, it all shall be precisely as you wishes,
The Palace rare, and Princess fair, are yours with lots of
riches,

For I’m the doer, the doer, the doer,
‘ The safe and certain doer
Of all your highness’s commands,
Oh, I’m the perfect doer.”

“The Bay of Biscay.”

The Caliph he stared next morning
To see a palace bright,
T’other side of the way adorning,
The work of a single night (not Sir Joseph, for he is a
married one).

“ Why, bless my precious eyes !
What’s that I see ? ” he cries.
And all the day he stared away
In a grand quandary O.

“Mrs. Buff.”

That afternoon at four, the fashionable hour at Bagdad, as
you know, to take one’s tea,
Young Aladdin came in state, with a splendid coach and
eight,
A lad in better costume you’d never wish to see.
There were flunkies white and black, each a hamper on
his back full of gold and silver,
Cries the Caliph, “Did you ever?” Says the Princess,
“No, I never!”
Says Aladdin, “Woolly woo, my Jammy, O, ma chère?”

“Villikins.”

“Oh, Papa! oh, Papa!” the Princess, she cried,
“I think I should like to be this nice young man’s bride,
He’s the genteest party I ever did set eyes on,
If you don’t let me marry him I’ll eat some pork pies-on.”
“Oh, fat female offspring,” the parient replied,
“Its apparent you love him, so you may be his bride,
Go show the young lovyer all round our back garding,
His presents I like, so his *absence* I’ll parding.”

“The Pope.”

Oh, Aladdin leads a happy life with his new fashionable
wife,
He has no need of anything and spends his treacle moon
like a king.

He drinks the best of Tokay wine, and thinks his Fatima divine ;

He leads a life of revelry, nor cares not what the end might be.

Alas ! whoever could have thought the treacle part would be so short,

And that the brimstone was so near ? but such it was, as you shall hear.

One day when he had gone to town, his wife the magic lamp got down,

And finding it all bright and clean, she trimmed it with some paraffin.

No sooner was the lamp alight than she did shriek with wild affright,

For, with a terrific bang and crash, all were blown to a mortal smash.

MORAL.

Now, ladies all, the moral see
 Of this dismal, doleful tragedy,
 And try, I beg you earnestly,
 To repress your curiosity ;
 And when your Lords and Masters are out,
 Don't go in the corners, poking about,
 For, if you do, something may follow
 Which will beat Mrs. A.'s explosion hollow.

Ri-tooral-rooral-looral-iddity
 Ri-too-roo-looraloc. .

DICK'S FIANCÉE.

A yard and three-quarters of willowy grace,
A figure that fittingly matches the face ;
One graceful neck, upon two ditto shoulders,
Two dear little dimples where love's fire smoulders ;
One beautiful head, with a wealth of brown hair,
Of that sun-set tint which is now so rare ;
Two eloquent, mischievous, light grey eyes,
With that tender expression which all of us prize ;
Two well-arched brows, and dark silken lashes,
Temper the tempest when Beatrice flashes ;

One nice little delicate Grecian nose,
Too dainty for use, one well might suppose ;
Two rows of ivories—pearls, I might say,
Not ashamed to be seen at work or at play ;
Two cherry-ripe lips, like the buds of a rose,
Which doubtless a kiss would suddenly close.
Ah ! many have longed, but well they knew it,
Only the ONE man would dare to do it.
But Dick thinks one of her greatest charms
Is her musical voice, when she calls “To arms.”

MY GRANDMOTHER’S ROUT.

(A SONG WITHOUT SENSE.)

I.

O my grandmother gave a great rout,
There was whisky and wine and the rest of it ;
Herself servd the provisions out,
And the worst of it all was the best of it.
Friends and neighbours were well to the fore,
And the rush and the crush were the worst of it ;
There were pipers and fiddlers galore,
And the last of it all was the first of it.

Chorus—

O this is an Irish song,
But bedad I can’t tell what about ;
I hope you’ll not think it too long,
For ’twas sung at my grandmother’s rout.

II.

When the pipers and fiddlers began,
Oh ! the boys kissed the girls with a smack,
But my grandmother, full as a can,
Made the colleens give all of them back.

Poor Widder Machree was put out,
For of kissing she ne'er got a taste,
She was so uncommonly stout,
Not a boy could get half round her waist.

III.

Now my grandmother's tabby tom cat
Sat purring and washing his face,
When a mouse, just as big as a rat,
Ran across at a pretty quick pace.
Tom made a great spring and a bounce,
And went for him, looking so grim,
But instead of his swallowing the mouse,
By the Okey, the mouse swallowed him !

IV.

To my grandmother goes Paddy Nee,
And says he, "I'm too owld to be frisky,"
"Sure I'll soon warm you up then," says she,
And she gave him a noggin of whisky.
"That'll make you another man, Paddy,
Tell me if I'm not spaking true ?"
"By my troth you are right, my dear granny !
And the *other man* wants a drop too."

V.

Jimmy Joyce, who drove up in his car,
To Father Tom said, with a grin,
“ If you e'er get the great Keys of Heaven.
Will your Riverence plase let me in ? ”
But the Father replied with a wink,
“ Jimmy Joyce, I may say without doubt,
I had best have the keys of the other place,
Then surely I could let you out.”

VI.

Tim Healy then warbled a song,
For he had a voice like a sheep ;
It was just about fifty yards long,
And it sent all the party to sleep.
My grandmother woke up and said,
“ Tim Healy your song does much honour me,
Now show me the bumps on your head,
‘Cos I understand physiognomy.”

VII.

Then we all went a-sailing together,
And some of the rest stayed behind,
It was rale Connemara mixed weather.
But the devil a bit did we mind.
Pat Feeny came too, the onld sinner,
We thought he was telling his beads,
But instead he was telling the widder
It was time she was doffing her weeds.

VIII.

Then the baby set up such a squall,
That upset the boat in a jiffy,
So that was the end of it all,
In the bed of the dirty ould Liffey.
When the jury rushed in out of breath,
They delivered their vardict so skilfully,
That the coachman he was burned to death,
But the footman did not do it wilfully.

Chorus—

O this is an Irish song,
But bedad I can't tell what about,
I hope you've not thought it too long,
For 'twas sung at my grandmother's rout.

PART III.

DIVAGATIONS.

PART III.

DIVAGATIONS.

THE JEALOUS FOOL.

(From my “Book of Fools.”)

“ Pale Jealousy, child of insatiate love,
A hell-tormenting fear no faith can move,
A mortal plague, a virtue-drowning flood,
A fire, alas ! too often quenched with blood.”

Perhaps no fool deserves our pity more than the jealous one, and yet none excites less.

Rochefoucauld asks : “ Why does not jealousy, which is born of love, die with it ? ” We would reply : Because self-love never dies, and self-love is the better half of jealousy.

Well may Iago say to Othello :

“ Beware, my Lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.”

Even as the drunken fool pours an enemy down his throat to steal away his brains, so doth the jealous fool admit an enemy into his mind to steal away its peace. We say, too : “ Beware”—and if any poor fool should

read these lines who is only just sowing the seeds of his own destruction, we advise him while it is time—for there comes a period when all warning is *Too Late*—to think of the mischief he is creating, the torment he is preparing, the deadly poison he is mixing, and to chew the end of the old saying : “An’ she be good eno’ to love, she be too good to be plagued with jealousy ; an’ she be bad eno’ to provoke jealousy, she be not worth loving.”

Most of those who have studied human nature agree that for every man who is jealous from good cause there are at least a hundred who are so without any cause at all ; seeing everything through their own jaundiced visions, judging of everything by their own disordered imaginations, and exaggerating every innocent and ingenuous act into unfaithfulness and guilt.

Oh ! most unjust, unpleasant, and unfortunate fool, take off those green glasses before it is too late ; take a good honest introspective glance, and then you will find that the suspicion which is racking yourself, and torturing your innocent and suffering victim, is but the reflected light of some base inborn sentiment of your own.

Who has not at some time noticed the way in which a fool of this type will not only make his own misery, but mar the pleasure of a whole party, by his spleen and ill-concealed ill-nature ? just, forsooth, because his wife or sweetheart is making herself agreeable and pleasant according to her nature. She is gentle, courteous, and charming, and cannot naturally be otherwise : and he is consequently boorish, savage, and unkind. Why, thou fool, the very charm that fascinated thee now makes thee mad !

Who has not also felt an uneasy sensation, a feeling of tender compassion, for that poor little maiden or wife, under the conviction that when she is alone with this sweet and gentle lover she is to be crushed by the might of his furions anger, and stung almost to frenzy by his envenomed tongue and groundless accusations ?

When “the lion lies down with the lamb” then may Happiness and Jealousy consort together.

As surely as successive heat breeds corruption, so surely does continued jealousy breed dislike and contempt ; yea, sometime turning a passionate love into an undying hatred.

“As we make our bed so must we lie on it,” but the jealous fool makes his bed of thorns and briars, and, unfortunately, *two* people have to lie on it.

As Argus watched his cow, or the dragon the golden fleece, or a heron when she is fishing, so does a jealous fool watch his poor victim ; his eye is never off her, straining his ear to catch every word, grudging every glance, misconstruing everything, and seeing a rival in every male between sixteen and sixty ; and so he carefully collects the ingredients with which he manufactures his own misery.

Let us put the finishing touch to this fool’s portrait with a quotation from quaint old Burton : “Jealousy is a most vehement passion, a furions perturbation, a bitter pain, a fire, a pernicious curiosity, a gall corrupting the honey of our life, madness, vertigo, plague ; aye, hell itself.”

Those who would enjoy “Love’s young dream” must avoid Love’s old nightmare.

THE FOOL DISPUTATIOUS.

“He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
Finer than the staple of his arguments.”

He was certainly no fool who wrote “a little learning is a dangerous thing”; and a still wiser man was he who said that “at 50 he was wise enough to gauge the depths of his own ignorance”; but the disputatious fool has a noble scorn for such musty fusty axioms. The spirit of contradiction, imbibed with his mother’s milk, exhibits itself as soon as he is able to talk, in controversy with his nurse: it is nourished by the mischievous mental ailment which, at most private English boarding schools, is known as education. So with a smattering of many things, and a thorough knowledge of none, with that over-weaning vanity which skimming books invariably produces, and with a self-asserting arrogance never found in alliance with solid acquirements, he develops into that intolerable nuisance—the disputatious fool, who loves to “cavil on the ninth part of a hair.”

Avoid him as you would a pestilence; be not beguiled into what he calls *argument*; verily he knows not the meaning of the word; logic and reason are not for him. He listens, if at all, not to learn, but to find a phrase to cavil at: he has no love for truth, but only cares to trip you up by sophistry, to puzzle you with pompous platitudes, or silence you by sheer loud talk, or rude flat contradiction.

If you pause for a moment to blush for his bad behaviour, or look amazed at his impertinence, he forthwith accepts it as a token of your defeat, and, with self-complacent grin, chuckles over your discomfiture.

Poor fool ! While he goes on exulting in the notion of having taken another scalp, he has really only written himself down an ass, and made you determined not to run the risk again of such an encounter. So the disputatious fool is cut by friend after friend ; his own conceit suggesting it as fear or envy, as he is convinced it could not be dislike. Thus at last his circle is limited to a few fools of his own species, pariahs, like himself, from among the wise and courteous, amongst whom shout is met by shout, and shriek by shriek : until, as like cures like, he peradventure finds in such an atmosphere an antidote to his own poison. He has sown the seeds of ill-humour and ill-manners, and is surprised and disgusted to find he has to reap the bitter fruit of social ostracism.

The last state of this fool is commonly worse than the first. When he has but his own unpleasant company to depress him, and his own captious self to cavil at, he begins to see himself as others see him, and discovers how great a bore he is. Too late !

As a discord in one of Bach's fugues only heightens its beauty, so does courteous opposition heighten the pleasure of a conversation : similarly, as a cracked instrument in a bad band adds to the torture of our tympanum, so does the everlasting discord of the disputatious fool add to the torture of our patience.

Assuming that all things, however disagreeable, have their places and purposes in creation, we should regard this kind of fool as intended for a beacon to warn us

against the Scylla of shallow conceit, and the Charybdis of arrogant self-assertion.

Hobbes never said a better or truer thing than when he called words “The counters of wise men, but the money of fools.”

THE PATRIOTIC FOOL.

“ Can that be called a virtue
Which constantly is shown,
In hating other countries
More than we love our own ? ”

Somebody has defined patriotism as “enlarged selfishness,” but the definition is not a true one. It should have been “selfishness largely tinctured with folly,” for where is there a more patent fool than he who, because he happens to have been born in this island of fogs, goes bragging about everything British (execepting its brandy ; we never knew one so far gone as to believe in that), bawling out that impious boast “Rule Britannia,” cock-a-doodle-dooing over the vastness of the British Empire, and generally parodying the prayer of the Pharisee in thanking his “lucky stars” that he was born a Briton, and is therefore “not as other men”?

To hear his tall talk any one might suppose that the British Army never got beaten, that the British Navy never lost a ship, that the British Constitution was simply perfect, that British honesty and chastity had become proverbial, and, in short, that everything British

was so eminently superior to everything outside Britain as to be absolutely unquestionable and universally admitted. According to his notions, loving one's country means shutting one's eyes to all its faults, and hating with a noble and scornful hatred the people of all other countries, together with their habits, manners, and customs.

What a deliciously Christian sentiment to feel that one can cordially detest ninety-nine hundredths of one's fellow creatures !

We laugh at the French for their vanity, at the Spaniard for his insincerity, and at the German for his boorishness ; but in his peculiar way the British patriotic fool, for conceit, self-sufficiency, and swagger, is without a parallel.

Ask any noble Briton of this genus, in the midst of his "high falutin'," who made Bristol a slave mart ? Who bequeathed the curse of slavery to America ? Who burnt old women for witchcraft so late as the last century ? Who systematically pollute their rivers and drink their own sewage ? Who made themselves ridiculous at Walcheren ? Who won the battle of Bannockburn ? How many times we got licked in the unjust war with our infant American colonies ? etc., etc. Pull him up with a few queries of this kind and he will look as blankly idiotic as though you asked him to name the proper place for Q in the Greek alphabet, or the father of Ya, the first Emperor of China.

St. George was far too respectable a saint for this class of fools, and it is satisfactory to find that they have lately adopted a much more suitable patron—St. Jingo.

Had the dogma of infallibility been invented by a

British Pope, we verily believe the Jingoes would have swallowed it.

Socrates' motto was "Know thyself," and if our patriotic fools were bound to know something of English History, and also of the foreign countries they visit before they were permitted to travel, they might possibly save us from a deal of contempt, discredit, and ill-will.

When the whole world is under the sway of one sceptre, then, and not before, will Patriotism become a *real* virtue and patriots cease to be classed as fools.

REALITIES.

QUESTIONS NOT EASILY ANSWERED.

Why should London, with its 128 square miles area and its population of five millions, be without a Lord Mayor, while one square mile called the City, with its population of 25,000 nobodies, has its Lord Mayor, who poses before the world as the Lord Mayor of London, obtaining prestige under false pretences?

Why is it one meets so many men and women who have been nearly all over the world but have never seen Ireland, where, in the west, they will find as much beauty of its kind as in any part of Switzerland or Italy, and the most interesting people under the sun?

Why is it that the chief dignitaries of the Church of England have scarcely ever taken the leading part in any one great movement for the benefit of the community at large ?

Why did six clever Japs, sent by the Japanese Government in 1871 to inquire into the results of the Christian religion, report against its adoption ? They went everywhere and saw everything. They saw how sympathetically the poor were treated, the clean and comfortable dwellings they were housed in ; they saw how beautifully the teaching of the Founder was exemplified in all relations of life, how peace and goodwill reigned throughout the land, especially amongst the various religious sects ; how little drunkenness, crime, and poverty prevailed. They saw all these blessings under which we lived, calling it a Christian dispensation, and yet they actually reported against its adoption, and advised sticking to their Shinto. Well may we ask WHY ?

Why should wealthy aristocrats, like Lord Cross and Lord George Hamilton, receive pensions, while so many poor fellows, between sixty and seventy, no longer capable of working receive *only the Workhouse* ?

“ Under which King, Bezonian ? Purple or People ? ”

Why could the Archbishop of Canterbury, when a deputation waited upon him urging him to oppose the admission of Chinese to the Transvaal, with all their un-

speakable filth, find it possible to say, “washing his hands with invisible soap and in imperceptible water,” that he only regarded it “as a regrettable necessity”?

Why should people be allowed to stir up strife and ill-will, as they are doing all over the world, by interfering with other people’s religion? If I were dictator, I would stop this by making it penal for anyone to interfere with his neighbour’s convictions. Let him follow his own, and get to heaven, if he can, in his own way, and leave it to all others to do the same.

Why are the great City Livery Companies permitted to spend their enormous revenues just as they please, when it is well known that many of the bequests were left for the benefit of *all London*? I am a member of the Goldsmiths’ Company myself, but the Court never supply us with any figures to show how they spend the money.

Why should we depend upon voluntary subscriptions for the maintenance of our hospitals instead of a rate which would touch the pockets of a host of selfish rich who now give nothing?

Why should we go begging for money for new churches when in the one square mile of the City we have forty-three churches with congregations of about a dozen, the sites of which would realise millions?

TRIVIA.

In 1850 I came across that remarkable book "The Tin Trumpet," under the nom-de-plume of Dr. Chatfield, but written by Horace Smith. It was out of print and fetched £25 for any old copy. I showed it to Tom Taylor, who liked it so much that he took it to Messrs. Agnew, who obtained from the Smith family permission to reprint it.

THE TWO PARROTS.—In Father Healy's congregation were two old ladies, one rich and one poor, each of whom had a parrot. The rich one was very ill-tempered, and used to scold her maid so much that the girl frequently said "I wish the old woman was dead, that I do." The parrot picked up these words, and for a long time would say nothing else, which so disturbed the old lady that she consulted Father Healy about it, who advised her to send her parrot for a time to keep company with the poor woman's parrot, who said chiefly religious things. She did so, and with this curious result, that in a fortnight the religious parrot would only say "I wish the old woman was dead," and the naughty one "O Lord, hear my prayer."

THE JAPANESE AND HIS COCKROACH.—A young Japanese attached to the Embassy in London was invited by a lady of title to take tea with her. He accepted and the conversation grew interesting. All at once he saw

preparations for dinner commencing, whereupon he hastily rose, stammered out an apology saying he greatly regretted having committed a breach of "etiquetty" and had "cockroached" too much upon her ladyship's time. She assured him that she had enjoyed herself immensely, and that he had not *encroached* upon her time at all. Whereupon the young Jap became more confused than ever, and said: "Ten thousand pardons, I see I have again made mistake, in speaking to a lady I should have used the *feminine* gender."

NUDA VERITAS.—How difficult it is to recognise our friends without their clothes. Three times I met Robert Napier, the eminent engineer. Once in the Severn, where we both swam near to the mouth, sometime after in the Bay of Naples, both swimming to Sorrento, and once again, five years after, in the Lake of Geneva. Although we spoke each time, we never recognised until we met one another in *our clothes*.

The new way to spell woman. Double you o man.

Why is the word kiss spelt with two s's? Because we cannot do it with one.

MARK TWAIN.—I met this great humorist at a big dinner in the City a few years ago, and he was called upon to return thanks for the toast of "The Visitors." His voice was not very powerful. Of course, we were all very anxious to hear what Mark Twain had to say, and a fat old alderman, who sat opposite me, perhaps rather hard of hearing, said, "Louder, louder." Mark Twain

tried to oblige him, and did speak a little louder, but this did not satisfy the civic dignitary, who still called "Louder, louder." Then the speaker stopped, and, fixing his keen glance upon the alderman, said : " If our friend in the embroidered vest happens to be on this earth when the Archangel blows his final trump, I believe he will call out ' Louder, louder.' "

BURNING LOVE.—When I was in Italy so much in my bachelor days, I often used to accompany the young fellows who went to serenade the belles of the place. It was the fashion then for any young gallant who was smitten by a pretty girl to go and serenade her, and the test was generally understood to be that if he succeeded in inducing her to open her casement he was favoured, but not else. When at Rome, the daughter of a British Consul, who was a great beauty, was the reigning belle, and no serenader had ever succeeded in inducing her to open her casement. It occurred to me that I might, in quite an original way, succeed in doing what these much handsomer men had failed in. So I made a bet of a dozen gloves that I would give a serenade that should succeed. The night was fixed and I went down with my guitar with three others who had failed, they all wondering what on earth I was going to play and sing. I played a few chords on the guitar, and recited in dulcet tones a couple of verses of a well-known serenade, and suddenly shouted " Fire, fire." The casement was immediately opened ; the lady cried, " Where, where ? " I placed my right hand on my heart and said, " Here, here," and so won my bet.

Ode to a milkmaid.—Twopence.

Which are the verses that none of us ever desire to see ?—*Reverses.*

Why should steel pen makers be regarded as the vilest of mankind ?—Because they make men steel pens, and declare that they do write well.

The blood-brotherhood between his own land question and Paddy's land question seldom strikes the average Londoner. Here is an Irish instance quoted by Phillips' "Catechist." Queen Elizabeth presented her favourite Essex with the Farney estate, to which possession she herself had no right. In 1606 the annual rental of the estate was only £250. In 1843, according to Mr. Trench, the estate produced a rental of £46,395. Upon this Mr. Phillips remarks, "When it is borne in mind that this land, originally stolen from an Irishman, has been made—mainly by the labours of Irishmen—to produce this princely revenue to swell the coffers of the English successors of Lord Essex, can we wonder that Irishmen sometimes ponder upon these things ?" But in London there are many far more glaring examples of the unearned increment than that of the Barony of Farney. The hereditary idlers—Dukes, Marquises, Earls, or untitled persons — who "own" the soil whereupon millions of Londoners struggle for foothold are as inimical to society as the landlords who have levied rents on Paddy's own improvements. Perhaps Mr. Phillips may see his way to compiling a Catechism on the land of London.—*Westminster Gazette.*

A BRIEF RETORT.—When Frank Lockwood got his first brief he had to appear before that irascible old Judge Pollock, who always bullied the Junior Bar. “Well,” said the old savage, staring at Lockwood, “are you here?” “I am,” observed Lockwood, rather discomposed. “Well,” shouted Pollock, “*why* are you here?” This put Lockwood out for a moment, and he was rather at a loss how to take it, when Pollock roared out at him, “What are you here for?” By this time Lockwood had recovered his self-possession, and, quietly looking at the endorsement on the back of his brief, said: “It appears, my lord, I am here for three guineas.” The Court roared, and even old Pollock joined.

MY ANSWER TO A GIRL WHO ASKED MY OPINION ON
PLATONIC LOVE.

“Of friendship between the two sexes
I really see nothing to hinder,
But if Cupid peeps in at the door
Old Plato flies out at the *window*.”

Fame seldom comes to those who on him call,
He comes spontaneously—or not at all.

“When wealth accumulates, then men decay,”
‘Tis true of ages past, and true to-day.

Why don’t men make out every year a profit and loss account of their deeds and misdeeds, just as they make out their business balance-sheets? Is it because they fear that the credit side would often be a blank sheet?

Behold I show you a mystery,
 By simply adding *s*,
 You change your dull and gloomy cares
 Into a sweet caress.

A FLIRT'S MOTTO.—“Deux jours fidèle.”

A mother and her girl of ten were admiring a picture of a Magdalen with a large bust and very little drapery. “Oh !” said the mother, “isn’t she like Aunt Mary ?” “Yes, rather,” said the child, “but Aunt Mary hasn’t got two large lumps under her neck like that.”

What is mind ? No matter.
 What is matter ? Never mind.—*Punch.*

You may roam round the world
 Where our flag’s never furled,
 And where we unceasingly fight,
 And the last thing you’ll find
 Ever enters your mind
 Is the foolish idea—is it right ?

(Sir W. Lawson.)

A QUESTION OF CHARACTER.—My friend “H” (an irascible Q.C.) was cross-examining a cute Irishman in a horsey case, and being unable to make Pat say what he wanted, he lost his temper, and shouted out, “You are a nice character, you are ; you may stand down.” “Thank you, sir,” said Pat, “for calling me a nice character, I would say the same of you if I was not on my oath.”

"RULE BRITANNIA" (?)—A fine old *tune*, but as for the words, well, I agree with Dr. Sheridan that they are "a vulgar compound of bunkum and blasphemy."

WHAT'S THE ODDS?—"Did you ever back a horse?" I asked a too facetious friend. "Yes," said he, "I once backed a horse at 10 to 1, and he never got in till 2.30." And this was his idea of a joke!

OH! THE DOCTORS!—Fifty years ago they used to bleed us to death, then they began to poison us by vaccination, and now they are cutting us up to see what is the matter with us.

JINGOISM! WHAT IS IT?—Whenever I am asked to define a Jingo, this is my answer, "A kind of Union-Jack-Ass, who utterly ignores 'Peace and Goodwill,' who prefers the spirit of militarism to the spirit of help and kindness, and who thinks it a grander thing to add a few miles of sand to our Empire than to increase the happiness of the people. But he never fights himself!"

A NICE CHANGE.—A pious prodigy of six, called from his play to show off in prayer before company, takes his revenge by praying: "Dear God, please when I go to heaven, let me go and play in hell on Saturdays."

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.—Another pious prodigy, a little girl, who was always encouraged by her parents to talk in Scriptural language, was seen by her fond mother to write something on a piece of paper and bury it in the

garden ; her curiosity was aroused. and when she dug it up and read it, imagine her horror at finding her pions darling had written : “ Dear Devil, please come and take away my governess, she is so cross.”

DISUNION.—Tennyson says : “ He is the true Conservative who lops the mouldered branch away.” Very well ; as this is what I have been doing for fifty years I may style myself a “ Tennysonian Conservative.”

WINGED WORDS—When Choate was the witty leader of the New York Bar, he once had to speak at a banquet where the gallery was full of elegantly dressed ladies, and looking up to them said, “ Now I can understand the Scriptural words—‘ Man was made a little lower than the angels.’ ”

SIDNEY SMITH AND FATHER HEALY.—Were ever two men more alike than these two ? Each of them overflowing with wit and humour ; each of them equally broad and generous ; and both of them much too outspoken for bishoprics.

Father Healy had a favourite barber in Dublin who shaved him for many years, but was a regular toper. One day, having imbibed more than usual, he cut the Father three times. He shook his head and said, “ Oh, dear, that horrid whisky again.” “ Yes, your riverence,” replied Pat, “ it do make the skin tender, don’t it ? ”

When Father Healy was at Monte Carlo with some wealthy friends they went to the Casino and won over £100. One of them next day gave the Father £20 as

his share of the winnings. "Now that is very nice," said he, "and pray at what game did you win it?" The answer was, "At roulette." "Oh, indeed," said the Father, "then in future I must say a little prayer to our Lady of Rouletto—as well as to our Lady of Lorette."

Sidney Smith's definition of dogmatism—"Full-blown puppyism."

A friend was telling Father Healy of a very serious car accident he had had. "There was I," said he, "sitting on the horse's head. There was the car, smashed to smithereens, and there was my poor wife all over the road, like spilt milk. Now what do you think I said, in such a fix?" "Well," replied the Father, with one of his sly looks, "*I* should have said : Let's lick her up."

KEEPING AFLOAT.—Charles Dickens used to say that a sanguine temperament is a kind of life-belt. There is much truth in this, for I have known many men who would have sunk in stormy times of trouble and losses had not their sanguine temperaments kept them afloat.

The best definition of the centre of gravity—The letter "V," of course.

GIVE A DOG, ETC.—Frank Stockton had a very unpleasant and irascible neighbour who called himself Turnour, his real name being Turner. One day he was examining Stockton's terrier, and asked his name. "Well," said Stockton, "he was once called Jowler, and was a very nice dog, but since we have called him Jowlour he snaps and snarls at everybody."

PLACING HOSEA.—When Dean Hole was in the United States he went to hear an eloquent, but long-winded, preacher, and next him sat a big Yankee, who, after half-an-hour, gave signs of impatience in various ways. But still the parson went on until an hour had passed, when he said : “ Now, my friends, we have finished with the four principal Patriarchs (the Yankee gave a sigh of relief), but where shall we place Hosea ? ” “ Well, sir,” said the Yankee, “ you can place him here ; I’m off.”

TIME !—A conceited young curate went to preach in Sidney Smith’s church, and afterwards, in the vestry, asked Sidney Smith if he did not notice something striking in his sermon. “ Oh, yes,” was the reply, “ I noticed the *clock struck* twice.”

“ Why are there no marriages in heaven ? Is it because there are no women there to marry, or because there are no priests there to marry them ? ”

Singular that the only ‘ology never taught is *Tautology*.

“ Watchman, what of the night ? ” was my first question to the eminent watchmaker, Sir John Bennett, after he was knighted.

LIQUID MEASURE.—When Peel was M.P. for Bury I dined at his house one day with about a dozen of his Lancashire constituents, who happened to be in London. When the Maraschino was served, one of the Lancashire men was so taken with it that he said to a footman :

"Young mon, just bring me some of that there stuff in a moog, I could not get my tongue fair round it in that wee glass."

HIS EPITAPH.—A certain London Alderman, who could never get to Heaven if he had first to speak the word properly, never made a speech without dragging in a lot of "this 'ere" and "that there," so when he died a City wag wrote for his epitaph : "He has left 'this 'ere' and gone to 'that there.' "

SCIENTIFIC AND SHIFTING.

Oh where and oh where is our Indian Frontier gone ?
It's dodging 'twixt Herat or Merv, and, say, the Arctic
zone ;
And it's oh how we wish that its wanderings were done.

Oh where and oh where did our Indian Frontier dwell ?
It dwelt among the Sulimans, and we fancied all was well ;
But where it is now not Lord B. himself can tell.

Suppose and suppose that our Indian Frontier's found ;
If another bogey rises, it again may shift its ground ;
And it's oh what a bore is this game of Brag all round.

An old man of 70 appeared at the altar with a girl of 17. When the parson came up, he said : "Excuse me, sir, the font is at the other end of the church."

GENERAL PREDICTIONS (by our own private Astrologer, especially engaged).—Autumn Quarter : Good time to stay with friends at their country houses ; bad time to go out shooting with anyone who has never had a gun in his hands before ; bad time for persons going out hunting for the first time in their lives on young untrained horses.

A QUEER TELEGRAM.—A parson and his wife after a long discussion as to the inscription for the altar on Christmas Day decided on : “For unto us a child is born.” The parson went to London to buy a frame for it, but forgetting the words they decided upon wired his wife for information, and she wired back : “Unto us a child is born 9 ft. 6 by 3 ft. 3.”

MOZART AND JIM CROW.—When a pupil of Henry Smart, I was in the organ loft with him at St. Luke’s one Sunday when he played as a voluntary a splendid bit of Mozart’s. Up came one of the churchwardens begging him not to play such jiggly music. “Very well,” said Smart, “Mozart’s music is usually considered good, but next Sunday I will try to please you.” He then played very slowly, “Jim Crow.” Up came Mr. Churchwarden, “I thank you, Mr. Smart ; that is the kind of sacred music we like.” “Well,” said Smart, “it seems very funny to me that you should prefer Jim Crow to Mozart, but ‘Chacun à son goût.’”

" I place side by side the ancient and modern versions of the seven verses of the New Testament which were the beginning, and are, indeed, the heads of all the teaching of CHRIST " :—

ANCIENT and MODERN.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger for righteousness, for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of GOD.

Blessed are the rich in flesh, for theirs is the kingdom of earth.

Blessed are they that are merry, and laugh the last.

Blessed are the proud, in that they have inherited the earth.

Blessed are they which hunger for unrighteousness, in that they shall divide its Mammon.

Blessed are the merciless, for they shall obtain money.

Blessed are the foul in heart, for they shall see no God.

Blessed are the warmakers, for they shall be adored by the children of men.

In Memory of
 BENJAMIN DISRAELI,
 EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
 Twice Prime Minister of England.
 Supreme Master of Invective, Paradox, and Sarcasm.

"Twas he who said
 "Mankind is my great game."
 "Oh, Politics, thou splendid juggling."
 "Trade Unions and triennial Parliaments are
 indispensable."
 "A Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy."
 "The real danger to the Church is its connection
 with the State."
 He worried Peel to death,
 and gained his Party the credit of a Reform Bill.
 He wrote the comic tragedy of Alarcos :
 He discovered the sagacity and true spirit of George III.;
 He made Victoria "Empress";
 And added (somehow) to her vast dominions.—Cyprus.
 He did his best to make us love extension.
 But his grandiose motto, "Imperium et Libertas,"
 The stolid British people misconstrued ;

He did his very best to thwart Italian freedom and German unity.

His model was the great and pure Lord Bolingbroke.

Nature lavishly endowed him
with all those brilliant gifts that make a splendid Party
leader,

Though not a Statesman.

And this national monument is erected to show at once
The British people's true appreciation and their
generosity.

His death effaces enmity but not convictions.

PAT'S PROTESTANT KITTENS.—Father Healy told a capital story of a poor member of his congregation who had a very fine litter of half-bred Persian kittens, and, knowing the Protestant parson was very fond of cats, he took them to him and asked him to buy them. "You see what beauties they are, and they are rale Protestant kittens, your riverence." "Yes," replied the parson, "I would buy them, but we have already ten cats in the house and my wife will have no more." A few days after, Pat took them to Father Healy, begging him to buy them as "rale Catholic kittens." The Father had dined with the parson the day before, who told him all about Pat's visit, so he said: "Be off with you, you sinner. You told the parson they were Protestant kittens, and now you come and tell me they are Catholic kittens." "Yes, I did your riverence, but that was before their eyes were open."

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

By sheer audacity I managed once to get the great Mrs. Stirling to play—for the only time in her life—with amateurs. The play was “The Rivals,” the place was the village hall at Bexley Heath.

Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. STIRLING.
Lydia	Mrs. Fennessy.
Sir Anthony Absolute	John Williams.
Capt. Absolute	S. Brandram.
Sir L. O'Trigger	D. Fennessy.
Bob Acres	F. Selous.
Falkland	W. Phillips.

Present, the Lord Lieutenant of the county and all the local magnates. Result, £110 cleared for the National Orphan Home. Not a bad result for a suburban affair.

Rosenthal and I made a great success in “Bombastes Furioso,” at Kelly’s Theatre. I often wonder this bright little piece has been so completely shelved.

Another extremely clever piece, “The Willow Pattern Plate,” should have a revival. Frank Talfourd, the author, told me himself it was the best thing he had ever done.

A MENTONE MAD-RIGAL.

By A LAZY LOVE-LORN LOTUS-EATING LUNATIC.

I never liked solitude well
Till I found out the best way to bear it ;
The secret I may as well tell—
I persuaded dear Molly to share it.
Old Zimmerman “ taken as read,”
I would take out my Ovid instead ;
And read something tender,
And coo like a dove ;
But dare not offend her
By talking of love.

Hosts of idiots rush with their pelf
To lay at the shrine of Roulette-o ;
But I smile and shake hands with myself,
Preferring the shrine of Loretto.
I hate the sound of “ Faites vos jeux ! ”
“ Rien ne va plus ! ” and the rest of it ;
Content to play my own little game—
And I know who is having the best of it.

Perpetual motion is folly,
And evokes the big, big D ;
Give me my pipe and my collie,
And a kiss from my dear little Molly.
That’s the mad wriggle for me.

MY INTRODUCTION TO THE MEMORIAL EDITION OF JANET HAMILTON'S WORKS.

A few years ago, while staying with my friend, William Pollock of Ardlarach, in the Western Highlands, where one's enjoyment of wild and magnificent scenery is often damped by a superfluity of moisture, it had rained incessantly for about a fortnight, and my small stock of books being exhausted, I asked my host to lend me something to read, and he brought me an old volume of Janet Hamilton's works. I read them with singular interest and pleasure. After the namby-pamby verses one meets with in too many of the periodicals of the day, these fresh, sweet utterances of this Scotch poetess of nature were as grateful and refreshing as the delicious fragrance of the mountain heather : and I was greatly disappointed to find they were out of print. However, I borrowed them ; found their beauties grow upon me ; became more and more interested in her life from details supplied by Mr. Joseph Wright, of Coatbridge (her Boswell and warm admirer), to whom I am much indebted ; gave a series of lectures upon her in London and Kent ; warmly supported the movement in favour of a memorial to her ; and, at length, find myself writing (by particular request) an introduction to a reprint of her works.

However unworthily I may acquit myself of the task, it affords me sincere pleasure to do anything in my power to make Janet Hamilton better known among my country-

men, believing, conscientiously, that this "grand old woman," as *Punch* styled her, has "well earned a niche in the Temple of Fame," and that the lessons taught by such a life of marvellous industry, self-culture, and self-denial are full of value—a life quite as remarkable in its way as those of Robert Dick, the botanist, and Thomas Edwards, the naturalist. Verily Scotia has reason to be proud of her trio of worthies.

Janet Hamilton was born in October, 1795. Her father was a small shoemaker at Carshill, Shotts, and subsequently at Old Monkland, in Lanarkshire. At the early age of thirteen she married her father's journeyman, bore him ten children, and, after a happy but very laborious married life of sixty-three years, died in October, 1873, full of years—loved, honoured, and respected by all who knew her.

She never had even the advantage of the village school, and although her mother taught her to read, she could not write till she was fifty ; but, nevertheless, having had her interest aroused by copies of Milton and Allan Ramsay found on a weaver's loom, she managed in a few years, by reading when others slept (for she neglected no domestic duty), to exhaust all the libraries for many miles round, and to become well acquainted with all the best literature from Chaucer to Cowper ; her especial favourite, Shakespeare, whom it was rank heresy to read in those parts at that time, being kept hidden in a hole in a wall.

Besides being thoroughly conversant with the folk-lore of her country, she was, as her works prove, well up in politics, biography, theology (of course), and a sympathetic student of nature.

From reading so much at night (commonly till two in the morning) she became blind at sixty ; but, like her own native laverock, sang on even more sweetly than ever, always blithe and bonnie, ever ready with the word in season, either to cheer the sorrowful or to admonish the drunkard—which she did with signal success, although the results were often not immediately visible.

“The tone of sympathy, the gentle word
Spoken so low that only angel heard,
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angel’s eyes—
These are *not lost.*”

“The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet’s heart by grief and pain,
And chanted earnestly, with doubt and fear,
To reckless crowds, who scarcely pause to hear—
These are *not lost.*”

The merits of her writings are certainly unequal, but it may without exaggeration be said that many of her Seotch pieces give evidence of a racy humour which even a Southerner can enjoy. Her temperance poems are vigorous and powerful, “The Enemy in the Gate” especially. Her English prose Essays, almost faultless in style, regarded as the work of an uneducated Scotchwoman, are simply astonishing. Her pathos, tender and refined, goes direct to the heart ; and amongst much that is beautiful, the charming poem of “Effie” is, in the opinion of eminent critics, scarcely excelled by anything of modern times.

Had such a true poetess and such a fine character been allowed to drop into oblivion it would have been a national loss ; and now that this new edition is published, I

warmly commend it to the notice of parents, managers of public libraries, temperance advocates, and all who love purity, simplicity, and truth. Her works cannot be read without pleasure and profit.

Considering that her life was so remarkable—not only for her genius, but for its noble example of self-culture under every possible difficulty and disadvantage : for its purifying influence in the centre of a grimy, squalid, and drunken population : for its true piety, quiet dignity, and kindly affection in all the relations of life—I feel assured that my readers will agree with me, that she deserves the epithet of “grand,” which *Punch* bestowed upon her, and that by the circulation of her works, and by the very appropriate memorial of a substantial drinking fountain in the thirsty town of Coatbridge, we are doing our best to “keep her memory green.” (Over 20,000 people were present at the unveiling of the drinking fountain.)

I will conclude my brief notice of this gifted gentlewoman with a few lines which seem singularly applicable to her life as wife, friend, and neighbour—

“The help that comes when needed most,
The silent tender kiss—
Oh. more than words we value them.
And more than words we miss,

“We do not need a trumpet-blast
To make us understand
The meaning of a tearful eye,
The pressure of a hand.

“Thanks for the silent sympathy
A gifted few can bring :
It comes like balm of Gilead,
And is so rare a thing.”

JANET HAMILTON.

THE SHOEMAKER'S WIFE, POET, ESSAYIST, AND APOSTLE
OF TEMPERANCE.

Born Oct., 1795, died Oct., 1873.

Some six years ago there went to her rest
(Of Nature's true Poets she'll rank with the best)
A poor shoemaker's wife with rich faculties blest,

Janet Hamilton.

No teaching of any kind ever had she,
Save reading her Bible at her Mother's knee,
But of life's hidden treasures was given the key,

To douce Janet Hamilton.

A wife at thirteen, a mother full soon,
Far away from her kin on the banks of the Doon ;
Upon porridge and poetry toiled night and noon,

Poor Janet Hamilton.

No duties neglected, time she yet found
To ransack the libraries many miles round,
Till her mind grew enriched, as her heart it was sound.

Good Janet Hamilton.

Inspiration from Shakespeare in secret she drew,
With a taste and intelligence given to few,
From Chaucer to Cowper, all Poets she knew,

Rare Janet Hamilton.

Thus fed at the spirit of Poesy's breast,
On all that was purest, and noblest, and best :
Like her own native laverock, in her poor nest,

Sang Janet Hamilton.

The power of her pathos goes straight to the heart,
While shrewdness and humour each plays well its part,
And many a drunkard's been saved by a dart

From brave Janet Hamilton.

Until she was fifty unable to write,
To her husband or sons she could only indite
Her fanciful musings so graceful and bright,

Poor Janet Hamilton.

To the author of "Effie" glad homage one pays ;
Her temperance poems deserve our best praise ;
May many a home be made sweet by the lays

Of pure Janet Hamilton.

She has well earned a niche in the Temple of Fame,
This poor old Scotch worthy our sympathies claim,
They honour themselves who honour the name

Of rare Janet Hamilton.

Having paid his debt to the young woman, *Punch* passes on to what he is glad to own as a debt—and not his debt only, but all his readers', and all English and Scottish working-men's—to an old woman, a poor old woman—Janet Hamilton, of Coatbridge, near Glasgow, who died in October, 1875, at the age of seventy-eight.

After the stories (so well told by Samuel Smiles) of Robert Dick, the baker-geologist and botanist of Thurso, now dead, and Thomas Edwards, the shoemaker-naturalist of Banff, still living, there are few records, in lives of self-devotion and self-culture, more remarkable than that of this poor old woman.

Two editions of her prose and poetry have been published and sold off, and deserve to be reprinted.

When she died, in 1875, after a model life, not only of such self-culture as has been described, but of courtesy and charity, kindness and piety, quiet dignity and warm affection as a wife, mother, friend, neighbour, and example, she was followed to the grave by many thousands, who knew what her daily existence had been, and many of whom had been turned from evil ways by her influence.

Whence came Janet Hamilton's prophetic powers? When the Prince Imperial of France was six weeks old she wrote some beautiful verses predicting that at maturity he would die a violent death, and that would end the Napoleonic dynasty.

The eminent Dr. Guthrie was blessed with a very great appetite. One Sunday, after his sermon on the "loaves and fishes" miracle, he was walking home with old Janet

Hamilton, the peasant hostess. "Well, Janet," said he, "what are you thinking about? How did you like the sermon?" "Weel, doctor," Janet replied, "I was just a-thinking that, if many of those present had been like yourself, there would not have been so many basketsful left."

PUNCH'S APPEAL FOR A GRAND OLD WOMAN.

(See p. 168, No. 2022.)

We should have added to our last week's appeal for the proposed Drinking Fountain in honour of JANET HAMILTON, the Coatbridge Poetess of the Poor, that subscriptions will be received in London by Mr. William Phillips, 25, Coal Exchange, who knew her, who appreciated her writings and her life's work, and has done his best to spread a knowledge, and secure a fitting memorial, of both. Let all Glasgow men, and all Scotch-men in London, join in doing posthumous honour to one who confers such honour on the "gude town" of St. Mungo, and the gude blood of Lanarkshire.

THE NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The new National Anthem, by my nephew, Herbert Phillips, which is a far more reverent way

of addressing the Almighty than the vulgar doggerel we have been too long accustomed to:—

God save our Gracious King,

Long live our noble King,

God save our King.

Be Thou at his right hand,

Aid him to rule our land,

Help us with him to stand,

God save the King.

Grant wisdom from on high,

Be Thou for ever nigh

To bless our King.

Send him a reign of Peace,

Make Strife and War to cease,

Let Love and Truth increase,

God save our King.

Shield him and us from ill,

Teach him and us Thy will,

God bless our King.

When days are dark and drear

May we feel Thou art near

To comfort, help, and cheer

People and King.

God bless our gentle Queen,

Spare our beloved Queen,

Help to our King.

And as the years roll on

May we be ever one,

A threefold union,

GOD, PEOPLE, KING.

THE COOK AND THE JACKDAW.—An old aunt of ours had an irascible cook and a very clever jackdaw. The cook was very fond of pickled cockles, so was the jackdaw ; and when her back was turned he would go and take the bung out of her jar and help himself. One day she caught him at it, and threw a jug of scalding water over him, screaming out, “ Oh, you old devil, you’ve been at the pickled cockles, have you ? ” Poor Jack was severely burned ; his head was quite bald, and for a long time he would only sulk in a corner and say nothing. One day a very bald old M.P. came to dine ; Jack got on the back of his chair, and after quietly surveying his bald pate screamed out, “ Oh, you old devil, you’ve been at the pickled cockles, have you ? ”

After a rise, a fall ;
After a fall, a slump ;
After champagne and turtle soup,
Cold mutton and the hump.

THEN AND NOW.—The present great commotion anent the “ New Theology ” reminds one of the still greater commotion of some sixty years ago, when Convocation sat solemnly to consider whether they should excommunicate the seven great heretics who wrote “ Essays and Reviews,” all of whom shortly after filled the highest offices in the Church.

ODE TO THE BELLE OF ROSCOMMON.

(Impromptu.)

I feel I am under your magical spell,
 Though whence comes the charm I cannot quite tell ;
 But your marvellous voice
 And sweet winsome grace,
 The charm of your manner
 And bonny, bright face,
 Scattering sunshine all over the place,
 Will long in my memory dwell.

I think it was King Cyrus who told his son to go forth and see by what a set of fools the world was governed. Surely he would have had more reason for this trenchant advice in these days, when the Satanic tomfoolery of war has reached its length, and every ruler's ambition seems to aim at being the biggest Butcher.

WHEN NOT TO DRINK.—I once heard an Irish priest, who got very warm speaking against the habit of drinking, say : “ If you don't lave it off before you begin it —you will never lave it off at all.”

KILTS.

There was a young lady of Wilts,
 Who walked up to Scotland on stilts,
 When they said it was shocking
 To show so much stocking,
 She answered : “ How about kilts ? ”

When that "Bloated Blockhead," as Thackeray called him, George IV., first appeared in a kilt in Edinburgh, he felt very uncomfortable in it, and asked Lady Hamilton if his kilt was not much too short. "Oh, no, your Majesty," she saucily replied, "you so seldom visit our country that when you do the more we see of you the better."

THE SUEZ CANAL.—In the year 1853 I was present at a most interesting and very warm discussion between the two greatest engineers of the time—Robert Stephenson and John Fowler—on the Suez Canal. Fowler argued that it could be made, it ought to be made, and that England should heartily support it. Stephenson declared that it never could or would be made, and if it ever were made, there should not be a penny of English money in it, if he could help it. Well, the Frenchmen did make it, John Bull put no money in it, but, finding it very necessary for his purpose, is now the dominant partner in it.

WITH OPEN ARMS.—The Connemara peasant is very bright and humorous, and I have frequently found it difficult to preserve my dignity when hearing their adroit attempts to get an acquittal. For instance, I remember a queer-looking fellow brought before me for being drunk, and this was his tale : "Plaze, yer honour, it's true I had a glass taken, but was as sober as yer honour's self ; the police found me goin' home, and walked wid me just for the pleasure of my company, and to hear me singing. Yes,

yer honour, when I am rale drunk, my wife receives me with the tip of her toe ; but on this occasion she received me with open arms—didn't she, peeler ? ” “ Yes,” said the policeman, “ because she had to hold you up.”

TWO SONGS.—On a summer's eve in 1869, a care-worn, sad looking man sat on the steps of a West-end mansion, wondering how he could obtain a night's lodging. He had recently returned from the States, after thirty years' absence, and found all his old friends removed or dead. His small means were utterly exhausted, and he was an object of despair ; all at once he heard a lady's voice singing very beautifully, “ Home, sweet home.” Yes, and the listener—the poor fellow who had no place to lay his head, was—Payne, the Author of this lovely song. A very similar case was that of poor Cronch, the Composer of “ Kathleen Mavourneen.” When he had fallen so low that he was actually a tramp, he introduced himself, in his rags, to Jenny Lind, who was touring in the States, and had just been singing his beautiful ballad.

A smoker's Scriptural excuse for his habit : “ And the servants of the Lord made merry with their pipes ! ”

“ BROKEN TOYS.”

So much confusion has been caused by these two plays bearing the same title, that I may as well state once for all that my play was produced by Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, thirty years before Mr. Daly's was written.

Seventy years ago I saw Edmund Kean at the Grub Street Theatre in all his great parts. Not many living men can say that, I fancy !

MY GAME OF ACROSTIC LOTO.—I have been so frequently asked where I got the materials for this game, which ten years ago had such a remarkable run, that I will now state I got them from old Burton, Bacon's "Essays," Isaac D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," and Chambers's "Biographies." The game is now out of print, and will be re-published in May next.

In a Lancashire town there lived a small shopkeeper named Pickles, with a large family, all of whom he would have christened with Biblical names, including Cain, Abel, Nebat, Jehoshaphat, Jezebel, &c. When the eleventh child's turn came, and the parson asked "What name ?" old Pickles called "Beelzebub." "I cannot take that name," said the parson; "it is most improper." "Pussun," said Pickles, "I'll have 'Beelzebub,' or nowt." "Very well," said the parson, "yon shall have 'Nowt'"—and so he was christened, and "Nowt Pickles" he is to this day.

In my early days, when writing my "Pulpit Sketches," I had to go to the Myddelton Hall, Islington, to hear Spurgeon preach his first sermon in London. His text was "Walk in love," and the way in which he wigged the people for striking out the W and sticking in the T was most original and telling.

PART IV.

LETTERS FROM MEN OF NOTE.

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LETTERS FROM MEN OF NOTE.

35, Thurloe Square,

5th April, 1864.

Dear Sir,—If you ask my advice about the place for which you should stand, I must give my vote (but publish it not in Finsbury) in favour of a small Lancashire rather than a large Metropolitan constituency. It will probably give you vastly less trouble, and it will undoubtedly be a better and safer personal introduction of yourself to the House.

You have seen that my affair—at least, I should suppose so—is now at an end. I have no fault to find with Lord Palmerston or the Ministry, but some of the party were unmanageable and I could not take on myself the responsibility of subjecting the present Administration to a defeat which might involve their own continuance in office.

Very truly yours,

(Right Hon.) J. STANSFIELD.

Halifax,

28th August, 1867.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—Being here, and going further north, I fear we can't meet at present.

I don't think that anyone can stand for the new borough of Chelsea with anything approaching to certainty of success—at least anyone likely to stand.

The way to win a Metropolitan constituency—and above all a new one—is to work it. If you were at once to determine to do your best and take your chance, I don't see why it should not be a fair one; but unless you have a local connection, of which I know nothing, I don't see any other prospect.

Your old rival Torrens knows as much about this as anyone I know, and I don't think you could do better than consult him.

I'll let you know as soon as I return to town, in case you should like to see me.

Truly yours,

J. STANSFELD.

When you have once got a Metropolitan constituency I don't think it is difficult to keep.

Dunford, near Midhurst,

2nd January, 1865.

My dear Mr. Phillips,—I am sorry to say that I have no chance of complying with the wishes of the working men of Guildford by delivering a lecture at their Institution. Since my return from Lancashire I have not been out of my house, and am still in the doctor's hands though materially better.

Mr. Wm. Hargreaves, who has a house at Bury, is my intimate friend. He is an excellent man, and a very true Liberal. But his health is delicate. His London address is at 34, Craven Hill Gardens, Bayswater.

If, later in the month, when the weather may be better, and I hope to be out of the doctor's hands, you will favour me by running down for a gossip I shall be very glad to see you. My wife and daughter join in kind regards and best wishes of the season to Mrs. Phillips and all your circle, and believe me,

Yours very truly,

RICHARD COBDEN.

6, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W

30th July, 1868, 8.30 a.m.

My dear Sir,—I shall be most glad to avail myself of your invitation, but I am sorry to say that Mrs. Brookes is laid up with neuralgia and that, much to her disappointment, she will be obliged to forego the pleasure of improving her acquaintance with Mrs. Phillips and family on this occasion.

But that you say the carriage will be in the City, I would merely ask for the "route" for myself, but, as it is, I will be at the *Punch* office at 4.

I hope, too, that I may be allowed to hear the singing. I daresay that we shall be very glad to have that harmony in exchange for

Ever yours,

SHIRLEY BROOKES.

(Editor of *Punch*.)

William Phillips, Esq.

(To discuss Trade Unionism with Geo. Potter.)

EAST SURREY ELECTION, 1868.

Locke King and Buxton's Central Committee
Rooms, Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge

November, 1868,
Wednesday.

My dear Sir,—I am shocked to find that your very kind and generous offers of help were never acknowledged. I never saw your letter, and I suppose it was mislaid among the multitude that arrived. Mr. King is not here now, but I am sure he will feel as much vexed as I am at such a blunder on the part of our clerks. We shall have a terribly sharp fight, and I need not say that your assistance will be most valuable.

I hope you will come and see us here on Friday or to-morrow, if you conveniently can.

In haste, yours very truly,

CHARLES BUXTON, M.P.
(The Father of Municipal Reform.)

MY SONG AND ITS COMPOSER.

30th May, 1869.

Dear Sir.—Your “ Still Small Voice ” reached me this morning at breakfast. To tell you the effect it had with me is the greatest praise that poet could ever wish you. Enjoy it to its full extent, because never was given more sincere praise than this. I read the first verse, and felt indignant at the rich man. On reading the second, at the fourth line I felt a thrill throughout my frame, and a tear shot actually out of my eye. The second, third, and fourth lines of the third verse upset me completely, and I cried in good earnest.

Scarcely had I finished reading your words when the musical idea—that ever mysterious thing—ran across my brains, and, pushing the cup aside, took pen in hand, and jotted down the notes to represent it; but the operation of writing was stage coach process while that of the mind was railway express. In fact, the conception of this music has been throughout the song so rapid that I begin to entertain a superstitious doubt that the music might possibly have existed in the words, and that therefore I read poetry and music simultaneously. The song is a worthy completed accompaniment, and

all that it might have been these two hours in the hands of the engravers had I chosen to send it before hearing the opinions of friends. For my part I do not hesitate in saying that I believe it is one of the best songs I have ever composed, if not the very best of them all.

I should like you to hear it as soon as possible.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signor) GUGLIELMO.

(The eminent composer.)

CONCERNING LORD CHELMSFORD.

30, Stanhope Gardens,

2nd January, 1880.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—I am obliged to you for giving Mrs. Thesiger and myself an opportunity of attending the dramatic recitals on the 9th inst., of which, however, our engagements will prevent our availing ourselves. I thank you also for the sympathy which not only now but many months since you have shown towards Lord Chelmsford.

He is in excellent health and spirits, but he is at present avoiding as much as possible the demonstrations of good feeling towards him which, since his return from South Africa, have been so plentifully showered upon him, and is leading a very quiet life preparatory, I hope, to renewed service of his country. With my good wishes to you for the New Year,

I remain, faithfully yours,

A. H. THESIGER.

(Afterwards Lord Chief Justice
of Appeal.)

THE ANTI-AGGRESSIVE LEAGUE.

SPENCER'S LETTERS.

38, Queen's Gardens, Bayswater, W.,

5th May, 1882.

Dear Sir,—The letters of Mr. Appleton to Sir Arthur Hobhouse concerning an interview with Mr. Hodgson Pratt and yourself on behalf of the International Peace Association have been put into

my hands. I should be glad to have a conversation with you, either together or separately, upon the matter. When would it be most convenient? I see the day suggested in one of the letters is Monday. Would Monday afternoon next, at 5 o'clock, be convenient? I shall be at the Athenaeum Club, Pall Mall, at that hour; but if you prefer any other place of meeting I will make my arrangements to suit.

I shall shortly see Lord Derby on the matter of the Anti-Aggressive League, and before doing so should much like to gather the wishes of Mr. Hodgson Pratt and yourself, that I may be prepared to state to Lord Derby how the matter stands.

I send a duplicate of this letter to Mr. Hodgson Pratt.

I am, faithfully yours,

HERBERT SPENCER.

William Phillips, Esq.

38, Queen's Gardens, W.,

12th May, 1882.

Dear Sir,—My interview with Lord Derby yesterday was satisfactory in its general result. He approved of the aim to unite the two societies, and though he did not wish positively to commit himself, he yet sympathised in all the aims of the Anti-Aggressive League. He would, I think, in all probability continue his support were the two bodies united and our more extensive programme adopted.

I shall be at the Athenæum to-morrow at 4. If you happen to be in the neighbourhood perhaps you would call, that we might consult over steps to be taken in effecting the union. I send duplicate of this to Mr. Hodgson Pratt.

I am, faithfully yours,

For HERBERT SPENCER,

W. Phillips, Esq.

J. B.

JOHN BRIGHT AND JANET HAMILTON.

House of Commons,

7th June, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I am glad that my reference to Janet Hamilton pleased you; it has excited a good deal of interest and inquiry, and I hope it will promote the sale of the memoir.

Her son has sent me a copy of the volume with a very nice letter, which I appreciate as it deserves. I do not know if the Birmingham Free Library has a copy or not, but I am sure its librarian, Mr. Mullins, will be glad to receive the copies you speak of. There are branch libraries in the town, and he could well make use of half-a-dozen volumes, if you can send as many.

I thank you for your friendly letter, and am,

Very truly yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

William Phillips, Esq.,
Hazelwood, Eltham, Kent.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

8, Upper Crescent, Belfast,

4th October, 1884.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—It is my present intention to reach London on the 24th of this month, having to speak at women's suffrage meetings at Halifax (where Mr. Stansfeld will be present), Atherton, and Tyldesley on my way thither. The *sooner* after my arrival that suits with your convenience for the meeting at Eltham the better, for I intend to make my visit as short as possible. I am asking Miss Caroline Biggs to tell me as soon as it is decided what day there is to be a Suffrage Conference in London, but so far as I know that is the only thing which would interfere with your choice of a day.

I do not at all wonder at your feeling so deeply about the action of the Government in Egypt. It seems to me inconsistent with the most elementary morality, to say nothing of Christianity; and if my heart were not aching with the grief and the danger of their action in regard to women's claims, I should feel the other keenly too. See how injustice tells in every department of public life. Women are right about Egypt. I have heard men defend the Government there, but never a woman, however strong a Liberal. But these convictions

of women go for absolutely nothing in politics! I am certain that women's suffrage is the short cut to all great reforms!

I am glad to hear you are enjoying the Highlands so much. Why not try our scenery sometimes?

Yours very truly,

ISABELLA M. S. TOD.

Cranleigh, Guildford,

5th January, 1885.

My dear Mr. Phillips,—I have deferred writing to thank you for your kind and very acceptable present of the "Acrostic Loto" which you have invented until the opportunity came for a full investigation. Its ingenuity and varied merits are too real for a mere hasty taking up and setting down, and I only hope that many who possess it will take the trouble to discover and appreciate the learning, the extensive reading, the wit and the diversified knowledge with which the definitions or questions abound, not forgetting the playful satire, sly irony, and palpable hits, both hard and soft, at men and things. "The Newgate Calendar of Kings and Rulers" and the definition of "Syntax" illustrates what I am saying.

Believe me always,

J. FRANCIS, F.R.S.

CHARLES STUART PARNELL

London,

24th June, 1887.

Dear Sir,—I trust you will excuse delay in replying to your previous communication, but my long continued illness caused accumulation of a great mass of correspondence which I find great difficulty in dealing with.

I am glad to learn from yours of the 18th that you have obtained the introductions you desire, and I trust you will have a pleasant trip through Ireland, and derive much information for your future guidance regarding the affairs of that country.

I am, dear Sir, your truly,

CHAS. S. PARNELL.

William Phillips, Esq.,

Hazlewood, North Park, Eltham, Kent.

House of Commons,

9th March, 1888.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—I thank you very much for your note, with enclosures, which I have read with much interest and pleasure. I am very glad to learn of your intention of going into Parliament. Your presence there, with that intimate knowledge of the Irish question, which you have acquired by actual experience upon the spot, would be of the greatest advantage. As regards the question as to whether you should address an English or an Irish constituency, I should be disposed to think that you would more readily and sooner find one open in the former country. The number of Irish vacancies is limited as compared with those so constantly occurring in England and Scotland, and the number of prior claimants for Irish seats very large. The difficulty of dissuading local candidates from pushing their claims is also daily becoming greater, so that we are almost always obliged to yield to them. Should you, therefore, obtain any eligible opportunity in this country, I should advise you not to neglect it; and, meanwhile, if the questions or situation relating to candidatures in Ireland should be modified or altered, I will let you have the earliest information.

Yours very truly,

CHAS. S. PARNELL.

PRAISE FROM MICHAEL DAVITT.

Office of "*The Labour World*,"

263, Strand, London, W.C.,

27th August, 1890.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—Yours of the 24th only came under my eyes when I reached home on Saturday last, or it would have been acknowledged before now. I regret I cannot run down to the West of Ireland to see you, and to investigate the actual condition of the people. However, as I was down there in June, and as I am following closely everything that appears in the Dublin papers about the progress of the blight, the necessity of a second visit is obviated. My paper will be out on the 20th September. *I am delighted to hear of the enormous success which your Home Rule Catechism has achieved.*

In that admirable little contribution to the Home Rule controversy you have rendered valuable service both to Ireland and to the best interests of your own country.

Yours truly,

MICHAEL DAVITT.

To W. Phillips, Esq.

Kindest regards to Mrs. and Miss Phillips, M.D.

Dalkey, Ireland,

29th March, 1902.

My dear Sir,—I do not think there is any use in putting facts, or common sense, or truth before Englishmen just now, either on the Irish or the Boer questions. The vast mass of them are impervious to reason, and understand only such arguments as a Boer victory enforces, with its obvious logic.

After your countrymen pay another hundred millions of taxes and 20,000 more lives in expiating their abominable crime against a free people they may come again to the ordinary use of reason, and listen to the gospel of common sense and common justice which you would wish to teach them.

Hoping yourself and family are well,

Yours very truly,

MICHAEL DAVITT

W. Phillips, Esq.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON ON THE PRESS.

Brayton, Carlisle,

25th January, 1900.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—Thanks for your kind letter. I am very glad that you approved of what I wrote to the *Westminster Gazette*.

You are most welcome to make any use of it which you please, if you think that it is of sufficient value to publish separately.

Lord Hobhouse's remarks, which you sent me, are *excellent*.

I see that he is inclined to consider that the nation is mad, and I have also expressed a similar opinion ere now—but, after all, is it not possible that their extraordinary attitude about this war is more the result of ignorance than anything else?

The Press appears to be almost entirely in the hands of miscreants who “fear not God, neither regard man.”

Hence the value of getting the truth put before the people as largely and as quickly as we can.

Irreparable mischief has already been done, but we may yet prevent things getting worse.

Yours truly,

WILFRID LAWSON (M.P.).

Brayton, Cumberland,

17th April, 1902.

Dear Sir,—Thank you for your note, etc.

The Home Rule Question seems to be becoming acute again—pretty much thanks to Lord Rosebery.

It is well to keep the thing well before the public. But I do not know that I have anything to suggest in regard to your pamphlet, which I hope may be very useful in instructing the public and helping to the right conclusion.

Yours truly,

WILFRID LAWSON

AN OLD FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

29, Earl's Court Square, S.W.,

6th July, 1896.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—Many thanks for your kind congratulations on the marriage of one of my daughters, which makes the fourth similar event that has taken place from my house within the last eighteen months, so that my wife and I are now left in a very solitary state.

I have been looking up some old diaries to see when it was that we travelled together in Italy and find it was in 1851, a long time to recall the various incidents of a journey which I am glad to find has left as pleasurable a reminiscence on your mind as it has on mine. I used to be very fond of travelling and have been over a good bit of the world since that date, but am now getting old and lazy and do not care for moving about much now, and doubt whether I shall ever see Hotel Crocelle again; in fact, I begin to realise more and more the truth of the old song: "There's no place like Home."

Trusting that this will find my old fellow traveller in good health and comfort.

I remain, yours sincerely,

THEOPS. SANDEMAN.

W. Phillips, Esq.

LETTERS FROM LORD HOBHOUSE.

IRISH DISTRESS.

15, Bruton Street, W.,

9th January, 1891.

My dear Phillips,—I have seen in the papers accounts of the severe distress in your part of Ireland, and of the efforts you are making to alleviate it. The great difficulty in these cases, for a man no longer young enough to take a personal part in relief action, is to know where money will be spent judiciously, and not merely wasted, or, what is worse, scrambled for, as one has often known to happen. I am therefore glad to know a quarter in which I am quite sure that the little I can bestow will be administered with zeal and ability, so as to produce the maximum of benefit.

With every kind wish, very sincerely yours,
HOBHOUSE.

I don't at all like the Government sending the hat round for Government officers to administer the proceeds.

THE BOER WAR.

15, Bruton Street, W.,

7th November, 1899.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—I am afraid I cannot help you. My wife is concerned in a “Ladies’ Home,” but they have found themselves obliged to impose a strict limit of age for entrance, which I need hardly say is much below seventy-six. As it is, they find that the natural course of human life constantly tends to over-weight them with infirmity, and to turn the Home into a Hospital; and a great difficulty it is. I know from other instances that it is not easy to find such a place as you are looking for; even when the infirm person has friends kind enough to provide support. I am glad to see that you look upon this miserable war with the same healthy eyes with which you were wont to view other public affairs. I look upon it as nine-tenths at least due to greed and ambition, lust of gold and territory; the “grievances” being leather and prunella, just enough for throwing dust in the eyes of those who are quite willing to be blinded. And its fruits will be as bad as its root. The destruction of two sturdy little communities, and the increase of our territory, of which we have far too

much already, "aggrandisement," "imperialism," apparent power, real weakness. I protested with others while there was a chance, even the ghost of one; but blows are struck, the war fever is at its height, and attempts to reason with a delirious patient increases his fury. So the bad course must be worked out to its bad end. It is rather melancholy to see reversion to lower and baser ideals in all departments of life, just as oneself is departing. All good wishes to you.

HOBHOUSE.

10th November, 1899.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—I am surprised at your thinking my hasty expressions to be worth recording; but, as you do think so, you are quite welcome to adopt them and re-utter them as your own, or to quote them as the words of a friend.

I believe, with you, that there is a Supreme Power, though its nature is infinitely above our comprehension, which we call Providence, whose mills grind exceeding small, though they grind slowly, and we cannot foresee the processes. With best wishes.

I am, sincerely yours,

HOBHOUSL.

BRODRICK THE CULPRIT.

15, Bruton Street, W.,

30th March, 1902.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—You are right about the solid satisfaction: “ ‘Tis better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all.” When the election of 1895 showed that the Liberal principles which had led us some seventy years, and had made us the greatest of nations, were being trampled on by the artisan classes, in whose interest we had worked, I compared the case to the Stuart Restoration. Then the bulk of the nation, including former Parliamentarians and anti-Royalists, being very prosperous, wanted to relax the efforts that had made them so and to have their fling of idleness and luxury, and display and excitement, and to let their thinking be done by clergy and nobles and courtiers, and to let individual liberty go by the board, and have the fun of seeing canting Roundheads and Covenanters persecuted. But before the grown men of that day had passed away their folly was made manifest, the drunken fit abated, and their steps were retraced, although with danger and disaster. I still think there is much general resemblance in the mental altitudes of that national crisis and this. And I could wish

that someone with more knowledge than I, and more literary gifts and more bodily vigour, would work it out. Such parallels are always interesting, and sometimes sound and instructive; and this one might comfort somebody, although I shall not live to see repentance or reaction from our present fury for getting money and territory and dominion with utter contempt of individual liberty and of the rights of the weak.

You ask whether nothing is to be done about my niece? Nothing, I fear. She has been handled by such secret agencies that we do not know whom to sue, except the subordinates in South Africa who performed the actual seizure. They cannot be sued because the Courts of Justice there have repudiated jurisdiction. The real culprits (as I firmly believe), viz. the War Office with Brodrick at the head, will not say what they have done, and I am advised that, speaking on "public interest," they cannot be compelled to disclose it in a Court of Justice. In other days the Houses of Parliament would have compelled disclosure; but you see that now they do nothing but say "ditto" to Ministers. Love of liberty is dead, nowhere more completely than among the artisan classes. Let us hope that fresh seeds may be sown and may germinate.

I send you a cheque, which I suppose is as avail-

able in Mentone as in London. I am wholly incompetent to make any suggestions as to distribution. But with every good wish that your labours may produce a harvest,

Yours,

HOBHOUSE.

HOBHOUSE ON ROSEBURY.

15, Bruton Street, W.,

3rd November, 1902.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—Many thanks for your note, and I am glad to hear of the large circulation of your “Catechism.” Laodiceans are plentiful enough in all places and times, especially so when the party which they profess to espouse is in adversity. Nothing exalts them except a strong wave, on the crest of which they may float. For the poor croakers, alas! I fear I am one of them; at least, if a steady refusal to catch at straws and to accept illusions for realities be croaking. But croakers can fight in their own dull, stubborn way; and they have one advantage, which is, that when attempts fail they are not so disheartened as the sanguine ones are, but go pegging away just the same.

I have just been reading Lord Rosebery's speech at Edinburgh. Brilliant, witty, and most unsatisfactory. He does not yet see that Liberty and Empire stand for two contradictory principles or ideals of national life, and if Liberty does not thwart Empire, Empire will destroy Liberty, as it is now doing with increased rapidity every year—not in England only. It is some sign of grace that he is now trying to "explain" his repeated advice to "clean our slates," which, it now seems, only meant that statesmen bringing old principles into action ought to have regard to new events which bear upon them—an inoffensive doctrine, and not very recondite.

His best reason for not pressing Home Rule as immediately urgent is the creation of municipalities. I felt that at the time. My own belief is that the existence of these bodies will make the demand for Home Rule steadier and stronger, and will facilitate the action of a more comprehensive Government for Irish affairs, when and if the time comes for creating one. But I don't suppose the Tories will ever do that, and I agree with Lord Rosebery that the prospect of a Liberal Government is a distant one. Certainly it will not come nearer as long as the Liberals go on thinking that declarations of their unity are the same thing as

united action, or go on maintaining two sets of leaders who hold up mutually destructive ideals of national welfare, or until they give up the practice of speaking and voting against one another in Parliament.

I hope you will find pleasant and profitable skies in the Riviera.

Yours,

HOBHOUSE.

CONCERNING OCTOGENARIANS.

15, Bruton Street, W.,

15th November, 1904.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—Many thanks for your recognition of an *acte noni atis regi pueritiae*, which more than 2,000 years ago was enshrined in poetry as a lasting tie between men, and, I suppose, ever was so, and ever will be. Our joint action hardly extends back into callow youth, for when we began to work together for public objects we were both stricken in years but yet young enough to work hard on the lines of Beal and Firth and Lloyd, and on the whole seeing that public men had not

then sunk into abject submissiveness to money, with a fair measure of success.

Now against octogenarians as a body I have nothing to allege; quite the contrary as regards one, for you have retained energy enough to write squibs on the time-honoured ceremonials of that sacresanct city which we irreverently treated as though it were to be ranked with other human institutions existing for the benefit of the nation and to be judged by its effects thereon, and you have also retained enough of good spirits to find fun in the antics of our high placed politicians. That is well. But there is another octogenarian now more than half way between eighty and ninety with whom you had better not be in a hurry to class yourself, seeing that he has lost his elasticity and is subject to attacks of senility which render him a very idle and useless member of the body politic. He is a bad lot, and is to be shunned. These attacks have not completely carried me off. By rights they should have done so any time these five years, but they have failed, not from any reluctance on my part, but because they have been thwarted by an organised conspiracy of doctors, nurses, and family, who rush to defend me as though I were the Corporation of London itself, and they its devoted citizens. So I have pottered on to the middle of

my ninth decade; ready to go, and only waiting for the signal.

I hope you will live to see a re-birth of national sanity and virility, when the classes that rule us shall not be wholly given, as individuals, to trifling amusements, or to amassing money, and as members of a nation to amassing territory, both *per fas et nefas*, and as regards foreign territory very little of the *fus*.

But I cannot rid myself of the belief (superstition perhaps, though it is founded on reading and observation, and not on tradition) that when nations have given themselves over, or have allowed their ruling classes to give them over, to frivolity, greed, and ambition, they cannot get back into a healthy state, except under a course of adversity, severe enough to brace into action those component parts of it which still retain vigour. But I must not go chattering on like this, otherwise you will register a vow not to write to me again till I am ninety ; and for another more pressing reason—cramp twists my fingers cruelly.

Very sincerely yours,

HOBHOUSE.

N.B.—In my opinion this letter should be printed in gold and scattered all over the country.
—W. P.

PRESENT DAY PATRIOTISM.

15, Bruton Street, W.,

20th March, 1902.

Dear Mr. Phillips,—You pay me a great compliment—too great. I never possessed more judgment than was necessary for my own guidance through the mazes of political life; and even for that limited purpose my footsteps have not been saved from stumbling. And now such power as I had is fast ebbing away. I have lost such contact with the active currents of human life as is necessary to keep one thoroughly sensitive to their changes of tone and direction; and when I do step into them my senses are so dulled and my powers of thought so weakened that before I catch the passing utterances they are gone, and people are thinking, or, at least, talking, about something else. Still, you ask me questions, and you are among the few men now living who, having endured with me the storm and stress of battle, are entitled to such answer as I can give.

I wish I could think that the present time was favourable for any appeal to our countrymen

grounded on a sense of justice, or on the sound doctrine that no institutions are durable except those which rest, not on military force, but on the general approval of the people affected by them. For nearly thirty years, at least, ever since the apogee of Disraeli, the worship of brute force has been preached by high and low, by men like Carlyle and Froude, down to the Poet Laureate and to the writers in Printing House Square ; year after year with increasing volume till it has submerged the whole country. The things that you and I used to take as axioms of right are derided as old wives' fables : the things we considered wrong are the plainest dictates of common-sense. Indeed, to talk of right and wrong in national affairs is the part of a simpleton or a pedant or of some anchorite who has been living in a cave and knows nothing of the world about him. It may still be wrong for an individual man to covet his neighbour's goods, and even more so if he appropriates them. But if forty millions of men combine to do the same thing that is beyond the jurisdiction of morality. Something "inevitable" : manifestly in accordance with "destiny." The true welfare of a nation, at least of a strong one, consists not in liberty or the arts of peace, but in conquest, riches, aggrandisement, increase of territory, great armies, and the imposition of its will

on weaker neighbours. So say our Parliaments, our reigning officials, our commercial magnates, our learned professions, our religious organisations, our public writers, our instructors of youth, our singers at music-halls our speakers on hustings, our voters at ballot boxes, our noble patriots who, cannot bear even the feeble voices which plead for peace and moderation, but assemble to show that the limits of human patience have been surpassed, and that the only appropriate reply is to be found in a brickbat or a bludgeon. In 1880 a momentary set-back to this gospel of immoral politics was effected by the remaining adherents of Liberal principles, then still numerous and welded together in one mass by the heat of Gladstone's splendid genius and courage. But only momentary. In two years the stream of reaction towards barbarous military and autoocratic ideals was in full flow again, and it has increased in strength ever since till it has reached the point at which we now see it. The forces which overcame it in 1880 are dissipated by deaths, desertions, quarrels of those who ought to be leaders. We are as sheep without a shepherd, and very few sheep to boot. Let us shout with the loudest; march on with the strongest; sing rule Britannia; wave Union Jacks; *vor victis!* devil take the hindmost; let the weak go to the wall. Such are the orders of the day.

Your appeal is to our sense of justice, of right, of consideration for the weak by the strong. And from what I have been saying you will see what is my judgment as to the temper in which it will be received at present. If you ask me when it is likely to be more opportune, I answer with sorrow that I cannot foresee any such time. My own inmost belief is that it will not come till some painful disaster has touched us; that pride and arrogance, hardheartedness and high-handedness will run their usual course, which is writ large in the history of nations, our own included. I try to persuade myself that these sombre views are only the timidity of a worn-out old man; and at times I succeed. But the evidence of facts is too strong, and it keeps on pressing, and, to my normal state of conviction, is what I have stated.

All that is no reason why those who see the truth that the rules of right and wrong are the *same for nations* as for *individuals* should not speak out; it is only reason for thinking that the truth would be unacceptable just now, which is the question you ask me. All honour to those who go on fighting an uphill fight; they are the salt of the earth, and without them good causes would stand no chance of success. So if you, who have the gift of composing catechisms, decide to

issue yours about Irish Home Rule, not only will I bid you Godspeed, but will cheerfully, if you assent to it, make a modest contribution (say £10) towards its circulation.

You ask me as to the expediency of alterations. On such points I am a most incompetent adviser from lack of familiarity with the events of the hour. I should fancy, however, that some of the points which time has blunted may be replaced by others more recent—*e.g.*, crowbar brigades are perhaps forgotten. The continuous depopulation might be brought up to date ; and yet land is in some parts so sought for as to invite demands for rents payable not by its produce, but only by the wages of servant girls in America. Some questions and answers might point out that the concession of Municipal local government, though denounced by Lord Salisbury as more dangerous than National local government, has been inadequate, and has not abated the desire for the latter. Others might bring out the truth (constantly forgotten) that it is not legislation only which brings satisfactory government, but administration ; that the English and Scotch practically regulate the appointment of administrators ; not so the Irish ; and that whatever laws you pass, if they are administered by “the Castle”—*i.e.*, the dominant caste—they will

be construed in favour of that caste. I believe that the recent and pending disputes about rents and about public meetings illustrate this point strongly, but I have not studied them in detail enough to say.

I dare say you will be much bored by so many words, and will repent having written to me; but, after all, there is the basket—a blessed institution, which, I suppose, flourishes in bright Mentone as vigorously as in grimy London. All good to you, and more strength to your elbow, is the wish of

Yours ever sincerely,

HOBHOUSE.

EPILOGUE.

If the young men of the present day would only pay a little less devotion to sport and a little more to their duty as citizens the country would be all the better for it and themselves all the happier. In their old age they would have the pleasant and exhilarating reflection that they have *done their best* and lived their lives as men ; but if they go on skimming a few papers, never reading books that nourish thought, making sport their *Fetish*, and ignoring their duties as citizens, they will be only able to console their old age with the whispers of Nemesis, that they have helped on the deterioration of the race.

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